¶ The Garlande of *Godly Flowers*,

Bewtifully adorned as moſt freſhly they flouriſh in the Gardeins of right faithfull Chriſtian *writers*.

Yéeldyng forth a very comfortable ſauour to the afflicted Soule, wherby hée is ſalfely *tranſported vnto the* mercifull throne of the moſt glorious God.

carefully collected, and diligently digeſted into ordre, by Tho. Twyne, *Gentleman.*

1574.

I will take it on my ſhoulder, and as a Garland binde it about my head. Iob. 11.

Imprinted at London, by William How.

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8:7 Twyne Thos

Ju

¶ The Garlande of *Godly Flowers*,

Bewtifully adorned as most freshly they flourish in the Gardeins of right faithfull Christian *writers*.

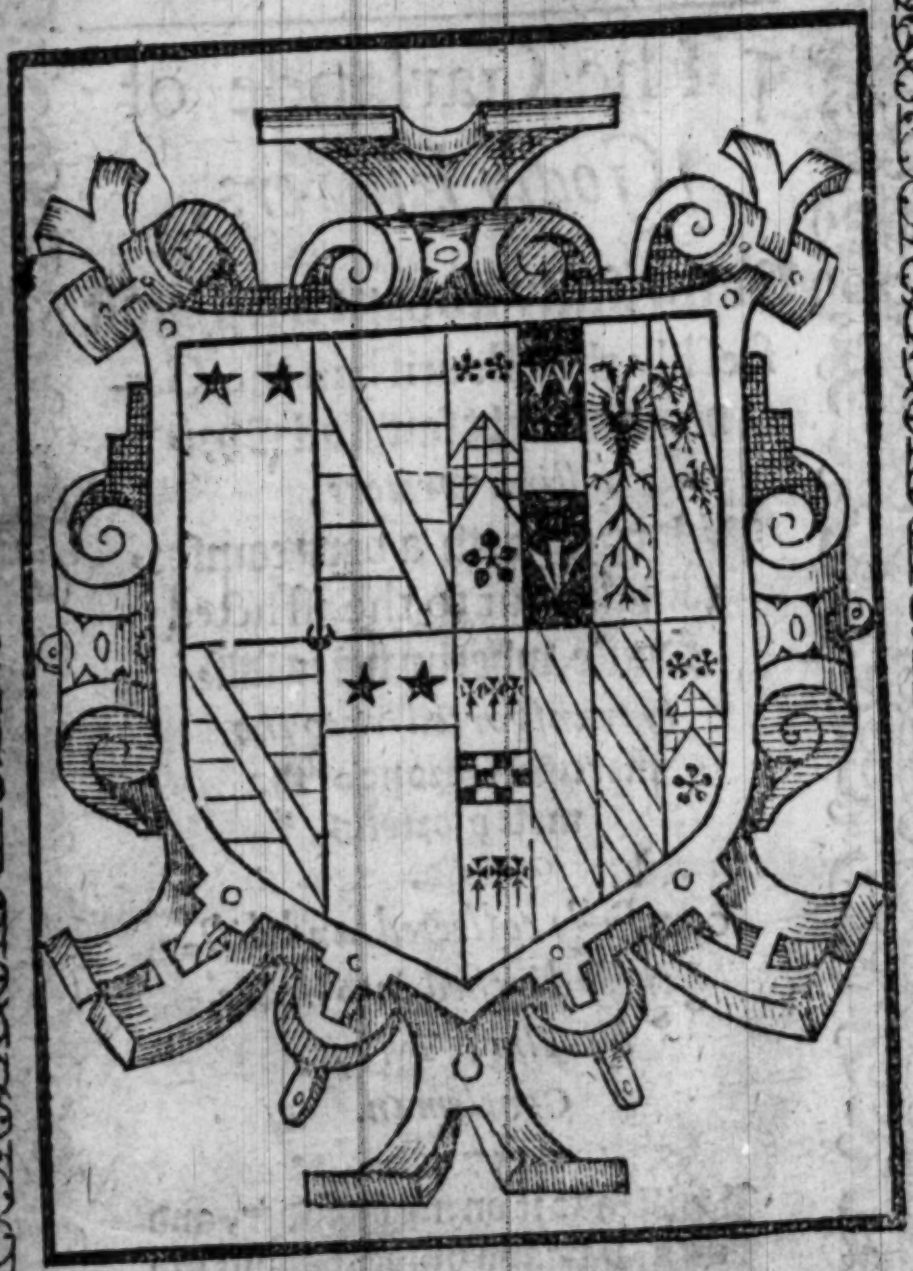
Yéeldyng forth a very comfortable sauour to the afflicted Soule, wherby hée is safely *transported vnto the* mercifull throne of the most glorious God.

carefully collected, and diligently digested into ordre, by Tho. Twyne, *Gentleman.*

1574.

I will take it on my shoulder, and as a Garland binde it about my head. Iob. 11.

¶ Imprinted at London, by William How.



MEDIOCRIA FIRMA.

To the Right honorable ſyr Nicholas Bacon Knight, one of the Queenes Maieſties moſt honourable priuie Counſell, and Lorde keeper of the great ſeale of England. And to the Right honorable and moſt vertuous Ladie, Anne, his wife, my very good Lorde and Mayſter: Ladie and Mayſtreſſe.

WALKING *in this vale of Miſerie, checked with the choakynge cares of this mortall life, mated with the manifolde calamities whereunto the whole poſteritie of our firſt Father* Adam *is ſubiect: I finde nothing (right honourable my good Lorde, and Lady) wher-*

in the hart of man can take more quiet and cast foorth a surer anker of stabilitie to ride safe from the vncertaine surges of this wicked worlde, or enter into a calmer Hauen: then into the vndoubted harbour, and comfortable porte of Praier. Heerein, although wee bee neuer so mutche tossed with troubles, weeried with vexations, affrighted with afflictions, pinched with paines, oppressed with miseries, girded with greifes, and slayne with persecutions: yet wee may finde assured releife, certaine succour, constant comfort, and speedie deliuerance. And no meruell. For although it sumtimes so vnhappely fall out, that eeuen the most expert and wisest Mariners, when they haue attayned the Rode after boysterous stormes on th'open sea, thinkyng themselues then past all daunger, are not withstanding cast away in the Hauen: yet in the midst of our miseries, and very depth of our daungers, if

if wee turne aboute the helme of our contemplations, and arriue once with in this Rode: *wee neede to feare no foule weather, wee weigh no* Shippe-wracke, *wee dreade no drowninge.* The *flittinge of our barke, may aptly repreſent our diſtracted conſcience: the* Cable *thereof, our* Faith, *the* Anker, *frute of good woorkes faſt linked to the ſame: the* Ankeradge, *is* Chriſte *our ſauiour: on whom if our cable do ſtrike, and our* Anker *take holde: the grounde neuer fayleth vs, for it is a firme rocke, it yeeldeth not at the rage of winde nor weather, for it is not ſetled vpon the ſand.* In *ſutch like ſort, it pleaſed ſumtime our ſweet* Sa-uiour, *the diuine* Wiſdom *of* God *the fa ther, by groſſe and baſe terme to figure himſelf, the better to bee conceaued by our blinded vnderſtanding, that know yng the nature and diſpoſition of the thing: wee might likewiſe in all our troubles and afflictions ſtay, and re-*

pose our selues on him, beeing thereto more willinge continually then wee readie, and rather inuitinge vs. then wee seekinge for him. Vnto whom, the neerest and only way of attaining since wee are taught by sacred letters, and by the verie mouth of the liuinge God, that it must bee through the benefite of a most constant and liuely faith, springinge from the infallible trueth of God in his promises made vnto mākinde, since the reuolte of ADAM, through his patriarches, prophetes, and preachers, & sithēce that through his vndoubted sunne Christe our sauiour God, and man: wee may not presume to the presence of th'almightie there to sue for grace, or release to the lothsome burden of our transgressions or take holde on his comfortable couenantes drawne beetween his maiestie, and vs: vntill wee haue completly, and at all poinctes armed our selues with an ardent desier to craue, and an assu-

assured hope to receaue. Not for our owne sake or demerites, nor at our alonly sute, but for the desertes, and at the intreatie of his deerelybeeloued sunne our Sauiour, at whose requeſt beecause hee is righteous: hee graunteth pardon vnto vs moste wretched offenders. Wherefore, when wee entre this secrete communication touching our priuate estate: wee must heedfully beware, and carefully prouide, that wee draw nigh the moste drad maiestie of God with feruëcie of faith, in singleneſſe of life, and puritie of conscience, setting al worldly affections aside, condemninge our former misdeedes, submittinge our will vnto his good pleasure, and requiring such thinges as are good and godly, necessaric not only for our owne peculiare degree, but for all the worlde: preiudiciall to none, full of hope, full of charitie, and so shall wee bee assured to finde the most mightiest our freind,

and

and our praier to bee effectuall. Then shal wee feele immediatly a woonderful operation of the holy ghost within our hartes, assuryng vs of the greate, and tendre mercie of God towards vs, wherin wee are eftsoones emboldned to crie vnto him, Abba father, thy wil bee doone in earth as it is in heauen. This is the meanes whereby the auntient heroicall personages of the olde testament beecame, as it were, familiar with God. For by this hee was felt in a combat of wrestlyng al night seene in the burnyng bushe, heard in a calme after a windie tempest, and dayly cõmuned withall in the mount. By faithfull praier, God preserueth the righteous in the true way, bringeth backe sutche as goe astray, stayeth vp those that stande, helpeth vp sutche as fall, comforteth the weake conscięce, lighteneth the sorowfull hart, cheereth the heauie, refresheth the laden, erecteth the afflicted from the deepe

dungeon

dungeon of blacke deſperation, and crowneth him with immortallitie.
I neede not in this place to call now to recorde the priuie experimentes, & triall herein of many other men, ſince that I my poore ſelf, for the ſhort time that God hath led foorth my daies in this life, haue moſt ſharpely taſted the ſower of th'one, and moſt comfortably tried the ſweete of the other. Not that I haue bin a great eye ſore vnto Fortune, as wee daily ſee there bee diuerſe, as by her greeuouſly enuied at, aſſaulted, beaten, caſt downe, troden, ſpurned, driuen to duſt, conſumed to no thing, for I neuer poſſeſſed the occaſion of any ſutch ſtorming caſualities. Yet in my ſlendre Boate hath shee ſhipped her bitter Oare, ſhee hath blowne a contrarie gale in my hoyſed ſaile, ſhee hath ſouſed my Suger with Salt, and ſeaſoned my ſweete Syrup with vnpleaſant Aloes, ſhee hath frowned vpon my felicitie, and doone hir

beſt to bring mee to nought, and now ſhee triũpheth for the victorie, wher to I muſt of force haue yeelded, had I not ſuſtained my ſelfe only with this moſt worthy benefite, wherby I haue bin ſufficiently inſtructed how to eſtee me the frownings, or fawnings of this wicked world. As for the vſe of Praier it is expedient in our youth: and neceſſarie in our olde age. By this the poore wretches doo tollerate their neede, and the ritche obtaine power to enioy their wealth. Both the prince and the ſubiect, whatſoeuer bee the puiſance of the one, or the condicion of the other: haue continuall neede of recourſe vnto praier, wherby they become humble ſueters to th'omnipotent God in reſpect of their imperfections and vnrighteouſneſſe, wherin he hath included the ſunnes of men as witneſſeth S. Iohn, ſaying: If wee ſay that wee haue no ſinne: wee deceaue our ſelues, and there is no trueth in vs.

And

And Iob *likewise speaketh of all men in his owne person:* If I will iustefie my selfe, mine owne mouthe shall condemne mee: If I will bee a perfect man, God shall prooue mee a wicked doer: *and also in another place, he fitly layth foorth the miseries of our nature, where hee saith:* Man that is borne of a woman hath but a short date of life, and is replenished with many miseries. *The secrete assaultes whereof, when they shall, as dayly they doo, with remorse of conscience, withdraw your honourable personages a while from th'accustomable conuersation in ordinarie affayres, priuatly to professe your guilt, and hartely to humble your selues beefore the maiestie of* God, *with feruent affection in lowly praier: if you shall take into your handes this litle booke, which I haue termed a* Garland, *eftsoones selecting some one or two* Flowers *therein contained, as*

occasion shall serue from your profounder meditations: I doo not distrust, but that haply your honours may conceaue sum sutche sooteneſſe of sauour therin, as shall not offend your sense, mutchleſſe the maiestie of GOD, as to the good liking of the one, and the glory of the other: I haue bin so bold to imploy the small trauaile of gathering these few FLOWERS into order of your honourable names, and to offre them vnto you, knitting them vp in one Garland, expreſsing therby, as was mine endeuor, the absolute circle of commendable GRACES and VERTUES, apparant to the WORLD, iointly couched in your RIGHT HONOURABLE persons.

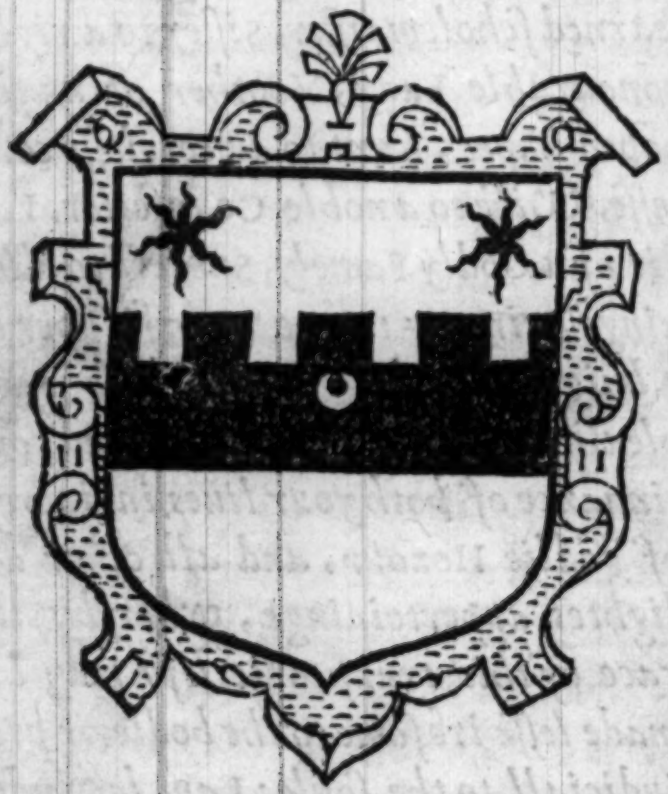
A most certain president wherof may bee, the one of you by our most prudent PRINCE, doubtleſſe at the secret motion of GOD, rayſed vnto sutch highneſſe in HONOUR as match with the best, inferiour to none: I neede seeke for no farther occasions of commendation, or aun-

auntient titles of worship or honour, the siluered heares giuing euident token of the golden wit, and the honourable age of the verteous forepassed life, and the many yeres of the blessing of the most highest God. On th'other side bewtified with a louing Lady, the offspringe of an excellent race, Nice to right woorshipfull Grandsiers, daughter to a woorthy Knight, Schollar to a learned scholemaister, Sister to a right honourable Lady, Moother of mutch hoped impes, Aunt to a peereless coutesse, Wife to a noble Counseller, Ladie of a Godly Famely, Subiect to a louinge Prince, a trewe woorshipper of Almightie God. Vnto whose good pleasure, for the prolonging and continuance of both your liues in increse of godlie Honour, and all other delightes apperteininge, whereby the race of this transitorie life may bee made lesse irksome to the bodie, or preiudiciall to the soule: I am bownden

dayly to pray, the effect whereof hee graunte, who tendreth our iust requestes, and is the only giuer of all goodnesse. At London *this first day of Ianuarie.* 1574.

Your honours euer at commaundment. T. Twine.

FATIS VOLENTIBVS.



VIRTVTE DVCE.

NO worldly pelfe, ſee thee from God do call.
INcline thine hart to doo the thyng is iuſt.
CONfirme thy Faith that thou doo neuer fall.
HOlde faſt on GOD, in him repoſe thy truſt.
OBſerue thy wayes, amende what is a miſſe.
LAy vp thy wealth where ruſt may do no harme.
AMende thy crimes while vacant time there is.
SUbmit thy cauſe vnto Gods mightie arme.

AVenge thee not when thou canſt well repay,
NEuer let vices harbour in thine hart.
NEedes vrgent law conſider thou alway.
EKe to the poore doo of thy goodes impart.

BEware of Pride, by Glorie ſet no price.
AWay from giltleſſe blood turne backe thy face.
CONſider ſutes, weigh cauſes once or twice,
OPen thy mouth on wydowes wofull caſe.
NOthing from Praier let thee once diſſeuer.
Enſue this lore: and thou ſhalt liue for euer.

THE GAR-
lande of godly Flowers.

N.

¶ *Not with ſeruice vnto the eye, as men pleaſers: but as the ſeruantes of Chriſt, doe yee the wyll of God from the heart, with good wil ſeruing the Lorde, and not men.*

¶ The firſt Flower.

NOTHING THERE is that caſteth a man moze deepe into thy diſpleaſure, O celeſtiall father, then ſinne, nothing that aduaunceth hym ſo high in thy fauour: as faithful repentance. And ſince I muſt needes confeſſe, that I haue all maner of waies tranſgreſſed thy moſt diuine commaundements, in the due obſeruation wherof

there consisteth life and welfare vnto my soule, and by breatch and violation, nothing else but seuere sentence of finall damnation:

Therfore I cannot tell, most miserable wretch as I am, how I shuld presume to approche thée for mercie, I dare not shew my selfe bafore thée, but if it were possible, I would gladly hide my self from thy sight, where thou mighst not finde mée out, that by sutch meanes I might escape thy dreadfull iudgement.

Howbeit, O Lorde, thou art the mightie God, to whom all things in heauen and earth are knowne, whose eies bæholde what is done in the top of the higheſt, and in the bottome of the deapest places in the world.

In thy sight Lord, the most secret thoughtes of the harte are open, and from thée there are no cogitations, pretences, practises, deuises, nor the smallest motions of the mind, hidden.

Vnto

Unto thée therefore, with trem-blinge and teares I returne, appea-ling from thy high, dread, and terry-ble throne of iuſt iudgement, remo-uing my cauſe to thy moſt ſwéete, a-miable, pleaſaunt, and comfortable court of thy manifold mercies.

Euen there, Lord, thou haſt layde vp ſutch ſtore and abundance of gra-ces, pardons, & forgiuenes of ſinnes: that they do ſurmounte the numbre, and ouerſpread the greatnes of al thy wonderfull workes.

Héere then it is, O my God, that I dare to appeare béefore thy diuine Maieſtie, a fylthye ſinner béefore a mercifull God, a very lumpe of wic-kednes béefore the eternall creator of all thinges, of ineſtimable wiſdome, that takeſt mercie vppon our weake-nes, and infirmitie: béecauſe thou wo-teſt well the ſtuffe, and ſubſtaunce wherof thou haſt made vs.

Béeholde, Lord, I call vnto mée,

thy dearelybœloued ſonne, my moſt louing redœmer and ſauiour Jheſus Chriſte to bœ myne aduocate, accoꝛding vnto his owꝛn frœwil and voluntarie offering, in whom, and thꝛough whom, by his moſt pꝛecious bloudde ſhed vnto thœ, vpon the acceptable altare of the Croſſe, in liew of the double death that wœ ſhould al haue died foꝛ our moſt hoꝛrible offences:

Pardon I bœſœch thœ, O god, my grœuous iniquities, foꝛgyue mée all my wickednes, releaſe my necligences, remit mine ignoꝛances, abandon the lothſomenes of my ſinnes, which from my mothers wombe vnto this pꝛeſent day, I haue cõmitted oꝛ ſhall do hereafter vnto my liues ende.

That bœing ſo clenſed, and puryfied from all contagion of ſinfull impuritie: let mée obtayn a liuely and feruent fayth at thy handes, ſtedfaſtly to call vpon thœ in moſt hartie pꝛayer.

Loꝛd, in all my neceſſities, aduerſities,

ſities, troubles, and afflictions: confirme my harte that I may put my whole truſt and affiance in thy maieſtie, and ſéeke none other meanes, nor take none other comfort: but in reading thy worthy worde, or in recourſe to thée in moſt faithful, and effectuall ſupplications.

If at any tyme, Lorde, as is the frailtie of our corruptible nature, and the inceſſant ſuggeſtions of Sathan our auncient enemie, I féele in my ſelfe any faintnes or fayling of feruencie, in calling continually vppon thée: kindle thou then my hart with the heauenly heate of thy holy ſpirit.

Graunt mée grace, to crie with thy hollie Apoſtle for encreaſe of faithe, that béeing awaked and ſtirred vppe through thée: I may enioy the effect of my godly deſters, which thou haſt promiſed to yelde vnto mée, through thy ſonne Ieſus Chriſt, my ſauiour.

Performe, my God, that whiche

thou hast indented with thy selly ser-
uant, who with anguishe of minde
seeketh after the comfort of thy face,
continue in mee the custome to call
vpon thee in praier, and all the pow-
ers of my body shal not ceale to sing
thy sacred praise. Amen.

F.

¶ *If yee beeing euil, know to giue your children good giftes: how mutch more will your* Father *which is in heauen, giue good thinges to them that aske them?*

¶ The second Flower.

IN most hartie hope of thy many-
fold mercies, and with lowly reue-
rence, O euerlasting God, loe, thus
I draw nighe vnto thee, beeing sore
laden with th'infinite number of my
sinnes, trusting in thy fatherly good-
nes,

nes, and entier loue, which thou bearest vnto mankinde: thou wilte discharge mee of mine vnrighteousnes, and wash away al mine infirmities.

Thy louing kindenes hath ben inestimable, which thou hast borne vnto mée sínce my símple conception in the tender intrailes of my mother, within whose body thou dideſt laye forth the platforme of my body, and gauest vnto mée the representatiō of a man, thy best beloued and cumliest creature.

After this, in due maturitie of time according to the established and ordinarie season, assigned by thy heauenly wisedome: thou broughtest mée forth into this worlde, my first time giuyng proofe of the vnhappie condicion, that I should enioy therin.

Lorde, thou knowest how that so soone as I was deliuered frō my mothers wombe: euen then I bégan my life in fæblenes and sorow, and the

the firſt breath ỳ I fet: I beſtowed it foorth in bitter cryings, and moſte pitifull plaintes.

Theſe myſerable infirmities, O Lorde, haue I conſidered in my ſelf, and howe I am wrapped rounde about with cares, as it were in a blanket, wherof I cannot acquite my ſelf of the leaſt, but of verye neceſſitie I am enforced to flie to thy meruelous mercie, for helpe and deliuerance.

Helpe mée therfore, my God, for thou art myne only ſuccour, thou art the fort of my defence, the rampier of my refuge, and the wall of my welfare, thou art the crowne of my victorie, and thou holdeſt vp my head.

For there is no ſaluation in the power of man, ritches are of ſmall force, the ſtrength of our bodie is not ſo mutche as thou haſt giuen to an horſe or an ore, there is no title of nobilitie or honour that thou doeſt regarde, and as for the healthe of our

body:

bodie: it is quite ouerthrowne with the least infirmitie that thou sendest, beesides that our life is subiect to innumerable casualties.

Preserue mee, most gracious god, as thou hast done hitherto from my tender age, and let mee not finde thy most louing kindenes, in any point withdrawne from mee nowe in my riper yeares.

Giue vnto mée thy humble seruant, that I may yéeld thée most hartie thankes, for al thy benefites plentifully powred vppon mée, and that hart which thou hast giuen vnto me: fulfill it, O God, with duetifull remembraunce, and take the spirite of ingratitude from my minde, and vnthankfulnes from my mouth.

Make all my cogitations acceptable vnto thée, and that which may offende thy diuine Maiestie, or is repugnant vnto thy sacred commaundementes: let it not once entre into

my thoughte, kéepe myne eies from seing it, myne eares from hearing it, and my sense of fæling from conceauing delight in it.

But cause mée to take a singular delectation in all thinges that maye please thée, put away from mée al erring from thy waies, all wærines of thy will, all lothsomnes of thy loue.

Take from mée all pride and self liking, that I may conceaue no good opinion of my selfe for that which is none of myne own, let mée not think I am ritch in thée when I am poore, that I sée when I am blinde, that I am hid when I am naked, that I am iust when I am vnrighteous, that I am something when I am nothing.

As for the infinitie of my offences, which in numbre surpas the sandes of the sea: giue vnto mée a clære sparcle of thy heauenlie light, O my god, that I may béehold them, a penitent hart that I may confesse them, plentifull

tiful teares that I may bewaile thē, a wonderfull mislikinge that I may abhorre them.

O Lorde, is there any thing that flesh and Bloud may glorie of in thy sight? no truely, for thou hast asked vs what wee haue which wee haue not receaued? from the fountaine of thy fulnes wee haue drawne all that wee haue enioyed, and of our selues there is not one that doth good, no Lord, not one.

Create in mee therefore, O gracious Lorde, a new hart, and a new soule, confirme mee in thy faith that I may not fall, erect mee in all good workes that bee acceptable in thy sight, then cannot my mouthe cease but alwayes bee shewyng thy peerelesse praises, and milde mercies.

Amen.

C.

¶ *Come not in the path of the vngodly, and walke not in the way of the wicked. Caſt all your care vpon God, for hee careth for you.*

¶ The thirde Flower.

COme vnto mée all yée that trauell and bée heaute laden, crieſt thou, O my moſt ſwéet ſauiour, and I will refreſh you. Here now I come vnto thée, offryng my ſelfe béefore thy heauenly maieſtie, lowly fallyng downe vpon the knees of my hart, holdynge vp the handes of my Faith, wherby I may take moſt aſſured hope of thee, and come vnto thée.

Draw mée vnto thee for els I am not able to come, I can doo nothynge therto of my ſelfe, not ſo mutche as thinke

thinke one good thought, mutchlesse merite or deserue to presume vnto thee, vpon respect of any mine owne worthinesse.

As for my worthinesse, it is vnworthinesse beefore thee, my thoughtes bee sinfull, my deedes bee damnable, and if thou haue reguard vnto my merites: then am I sure to haue damnation for my desert, and Hell for mine hier.

O thou almightie, beefore whom the Angels tremble at their impuritie, the Sonne is fowle, the Moone is filthy, the Starres vncleane, and the heauens are corrupt: what can I haue to boast of, but of mine owne naturall vnclenlinesse, and that I am the childe of perdition?

Supplie thou my defects, O God, and what is wantyng in mee: make it perfect through thee, which art the summe of all goodnes, and perfection vnto the righteous, let mee not de-

part destitute from thee, for in thee is the fulnesse of felicitie.

Yeere where I am Lorde, I am laden sore and greeuously ouerpressed with the burden of my sinnes, they weigh mee greeuously downe to the grounde, I cannot loke vp, and my crusshed bones do ake with extreeme weerinesse.

Come, O Lorde, O come speedely, and set to thy helpyng hande, take from mée this weight of wickednes, cleere mée from this clogge of corruption, and seuere mee from this sinke of sinne.

Humble my Harte, that I may haue no vayne likyng of my self, and that my freindes, neighbours, and acquaintnance, finally the world fall into no displeasure against mée therfore, but especially thy maiestie, for it is a greeuous offence.

Fortifie my minde with the strongest armour of pacience, that I may take

take in good part all mockes, scoffes, reproches, and persecutions for thy truethes sake, and when I am proued: let mee bee founde faithfull.

Confirme mee fully, O my creator, in thy Trueth and al godlinesse, let no shininge of promotions, nor thundre of threatninges, nor windie puffes of worldlie vanitie, pluck mee from that whiche is right, but let thy will bee my way, and thy law my delight.

Driue away all dimnesse from mine eyes, and sluggishnesse from my feete, that I may speedely beeholde, and diligently fulfill to my abilitie, the least poynt and iote of thy preceptes, wherto when I haue applied my selfe: yet am I to to mutch an vnprofitable seruaunt, notwithstandynge let thy tendre mercie alwayes preuent mee, O my moste sweetest God.

Thou hast lifted mee vp aloft in the

the ſight of thy people, and haſte indued mee with greate honour aboue my peeres and equalles, graunt vnto mee likewiſe ſo mutche to excell them in vertue and godlineſſe, make mée a woꝛthy miniſter and ſteward of thy giftes, conſideryng that all power and aucthoꝛitie commeth from thee, and that thou raiſeſt the vngodly on high to caſt him downe low, and the loftier his ſeat is: the moꝛe great, and grée uous is his fall.

Engendꝛe in mée, good Loꝛde, a greedie deſier to do Juſtice, that hauing thée alwaies beefoꝛe mine eies, and pꝛintyng thy iudgements within my hart: I may bee free from all affection, and pure from all partialitie, hauyng no reſpect to the perſons, but vpꝛightly weighyng the cauſes, that thereby the trueth may bee aduaunced, and vniuſtice condempned.

Remoue from mee all coꝛruption in iudgement, and vnrighteouſnes

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in dealyng, kæpe my mouth from lesinges, and my handes from bloud, remembryng that thou art the searcher of the hart and raines, that shalt come to iudge the quicke and ỹ dead, repaying vnto euery man accordyng vnto the works of his owne hands.

Forgiue mee, O my Lorde, and my God, the wickednesse of my fore passed life, remembre not mine offences, neither the offences of my predicessours to lay them vnto my charge, lay forth the direct line of thy law before my feete, that I may walke therein with out errryng, regenerate a new will within mee to persеuere in thy way, holde mee vp therin that I do not fall, pricke mee forth that I do not fainte, and my tongue shal talke continually of thy moste glorious goodnes.

Amen.

H.

¶ *Happie are those seruants, whom the Lorde when hee commeth, shal finde wakyng. Verely I say vnto you, that hee shall girde himself, and make them to sit downe to meate, and will come foorth, and ministre vnto them.*

¶ The fourth Flower.

HArken vnto the voice of the Lord thy God, O my seely soule, and heare what cheerefull promises hée hath reposed in store for thée, namely that when soeuer thou repentest thée of thy sinnes from the bottome of thy hart: hée will blotte out the remembrance of them for euermore so that they shall neuer bée imputed vnto thée.

O come then with spéede, and with all submission cast forth the intolle-

rable

rable burden of thy moste lothsome lustes beefore the Lorde, call vnto him that hee woulde set open the gates of his manifolde mercies vnto thee, giue thee a perfect penitent hart, and the spirite of constancie to perseuere in the same.

Bende downe thine heauely eies, O Lorde, from the celestiall throne of thy glorie, and beeholde the state and condition of mee that lie heere in the earth beelow, waltrynge in this vale of wickednesse, drenched in this dungeon of darkenesse, martired in millians of miseries, couched in this cloake of calamities, losse in this laberinth of lustes, smoultred in this smoke of sensualitie, greatly growyng from grace, and voide of vertue.

Wherefore, as thou hasse at this present time: so continew with dayly increasing in mee, a lothyng of my selfe in respect of sinne, a desier vnto thee by meane of faithfull praier,

hartie contrition, possible satisfactiō, innouation of life, continuation of Grace, tendynge vnto the preseruation both of my body, and soule.

Send downe vnto mée, Lorde, the cleere lokyng glasse of thy wisdome, that I may bēholde therin th'ougle-someneſſe and deformitie of mine vnrighteousnes, giue mée a Viale ful of the water of vnfained repentance, that sprincklyng my self therwith, although I were with sinnes more read then scarlet: I may bée made more white then snow.

Wash away the filthineſſe of my sinnes with a branche of bitter Isop, wherein is figured the vnpleasant taſt of afflictions, troubles, and persecutions sent vnto vs by thy hande, moſt righteous God, in liew of our offences, and I shall bécome passing pure.

Neuertheles ouercharge mee not, O sweét Lorde, I bēseēche thée, nor lay

lay not more vpon my backe then I am able to carie, for thou knowest best th'infirmitie of my fraile fleash, and the weakenes of our kinde, since wee all bee thine, and the worke of thy holly handes.

O my God, what is there in this worlde that men should bee so greedie to continue therin, and so lothe to forgoe the fruition of this transitorie life? while wee remayne heere wee are all touched with troubles, those that haue wealth at will are checked with calamities, yea Princes themselues are not alwayes at ease, beesides that wee heape vp dayly the desert of thy iudgement.

Whilst my dayes bee prolonged within this darke den of mortallitie: lighten the Lantern of thy diuine word beefore my feete, that I stumble not agaynst the heape of my haynous offences, and fall downe head long into the deepe Dungeon of desperation.

Likewise, plucke from mee the fonde Feathers of saucie presumption, least takyng an hautie conceite in my selfe to bee that which (alas) I am not: thou reueale my filthinesse, and cast mee downe thither where there is no redemption.

Graciously graunt vnto mee, O my Lorde, and Kynge, that I may neuer take my selfe to bee other then in deede I am, make mee to bee such one as I ought, and let mee bee hee that I would, thē shal I neuer dwell in errour, thy fauour shoulde neuer fayle mee, and hereafter (which notwithstandyng I hope) bee an inheritour of thy heauenly kyngdome.

Lorde, I beseeche thee keepe mee that I neuer fall into reprobate sence and let mee not bee seduced by any false doctrine, let the lines of thy law bee printed in the bowels of my bellie, lighten, inflame, and confirme the hartes of thy chosen people, that they may

may haue one minde, one will, all a like seeke thee, finde thee, see thee, and magnifie thy glorious name.

Preuent all my doinges with thy most fauourable kyndenes, O father of mercies, and so direct my wayes in thy Faith, and feare of thy maiestie: that I may commit no wickednes, nor consent thereto, let there bee founde no guilt in my handes, nor guile in my hart, preserue my lippes from lies, from incontinencie mine eyes, my fleash from filth, my sowle from sinne, and the whole course of my life from offence, & transgression.

O Lorde, heare my praiers, let myne ernest crie come into thy presence and entre into thine Eares, whiche I yeeld heere vnto thee from the very deapth of my Hart, with a wounded conscience, and a bleedyng soule, with broken sighes, and weepyng eyes, bended knees, and stretched handes, but which most is: with

ardent

ardent affection, and feruent Faith.

Bende downe thy selfe, O bende downe vnto my piteous playntes, thou God of our Fathers, and accordyng as thou hast spoken: let it so bee donne vnto thy seruant. Great is thy grace: O graunt mée thy grace, manifolde are thy mercies: O shew mée thy mercie, puisant is thy power: O sende mee thy power, that I may turne from sinne and turne to thee, leaue my olde life and leade a new, that I may alwaies bee thy seruant, and thou likewise eternally bée mine eternall God. Amen.

O.

¶ O *thou* Earth, Earth, Earth, *heare the woorde of the* Lorde. *Of a trueth* GOD *hath no reguarde of persons, but in euery nation, hee that feareth him, and woorketh righteousnesse: is accepted with him.*

¶ The fift Flower.

O Euerlastyng GOD, and moste louyng Father, maker of all the worlde, kyng of Blisse, Lorde of Life, giuer of peace, and continuer of concorde, looke downe into the bottome and deapth of my conscience, and consider the perpetuall afflictions which dayly I sustayne therin, to the daungerous distresse, & wonderful woundyng of the same.

Strengthen mee, O Lord, against the furious inuasions of three my moste mortall foes, the Fleash, the Worlde, and the Deuill, whiche to th'intent they might suppresse mee: cease not continually withall theyr force, to assayle the seely spirite which thou hast lent vnto mee, the worke of thy wisedome, and the image of thy substance.

My moste sweet God, keepe mee

with the winges of thy vertue, assist mee with thy holy ghost, that I may heedfully withholde my feete from all snares, and trappes, whiche may any way intangle mee, & withdraw mee from due obedience towardes thee and thy will, staying mee from walkyng forwarde in thy heauenly heastes that lead to life.

For Satan myne auntient enemie, seeketh out a thousand meanes to beguile mee, hée excelleth in subtiltie, hée aboundeth in craftes, hee passeth in wilinesse, in so mutch that hee transformeth his lothsome shape into the likenesse of an Angell of light, therby to supplant thine elect, but defende thou mee from him, O my most mightie God.

Ponder the nature and disposition of my frayle fleash, how it is nothing els but the graue of my ghost, a farthell of infirmities, a lumpe of lothesomnesse, a prison of perdition, a sink of

of sinne, and a frame of frowarde moulde, contrarie to that whiche is good, and alwaies promptly prest to the worse.

As for this worlde: it is the vale of wilfulnesse, the way of wicked cõuersation, a iorney fraught with iopardie, a pilgrimage fully pight with pitious pininges, a deepe dungeon of destruction, an infectious soyle with sinfulnesse, a lake of vnlawful lustes and a tree of traiterous fruites, repugnant, O God, to thy moste sacred will.

The Deuill is ỹ dærlyng of damnation, the Prince of dreadful darkenesse, the Kynge of calamities, the wicked worker of woes, the Fende of finall destruction, the greedie gaper for mans procured perdition, the poysoned puddle of lies, the sneaking Snake of sinne, the serpent of troublesome temptations, the minger of all mischeifes, and the ouerthrower

of vertues.

But, O thou moſt glorious God, as thou haſt lightned my vnderſtandyng and perſeuerance in theſe, to diſcerne what is hurtfull to mee, and diſpleaſant to thee: diſpoſe euen ſo the hart of thy ſeruant with the dayly influence of thy grace, that I may bee acquit from al ſuch ſharpe aſſaultes as may winne mée from thee, but confirme mée in all Godlineſſe, trueth, and faithfulneſſe.

Make my harte the vndefiled inſtrument of pure, & perfect thoughts, and my tungue the Trump of thine eternall prayſe, my bodie the habitation of the holly Ghoſt, myne eyes the windowes to beholde the worthy way that leadeth vnto thée, my legges the ſuppoſters of my bodie and ſoule, towardes th'attainment of thy heauenly kyngdome.

Incline mine eares, that I may giue diligent attendance vnto thy moſte

moſte bleſſed will, and commaundementes, expreſſed in thy moſte ſacred woꝛde, mollifie the hardneſſe of my hart that it may eaſely entre in, and firmely take roote, to th'increaſe of ſemblant ſeedes of vertu and godlineſſe in mee, graunt this, O Loꝛde foꝛ my delight is in thy ſeruice.

Knocke harde, O Loꝛde God, O knocke harde at the doꝛe of my conſcience, with the ringle of thy moſte holly wil, awake mee out of the ſnoꝛkyng ſleepe of ſecuritie in ſinnynge, whereout manie doo neuer riſe agayne but vtterly periſh, put mee in minde of my ductie towardes thy diuine maieſtie, let mee haue the wiſdome to know my ſelf, and that thou only art my good Loꝛde and God.

I confeſſe with greeuous gronyng of hart, that I haue manifoldly tranſgreſſed thy commaundementes, in ſeekyng thee I haue embꝛaced that which I ſhould haue refuſed, I haue

ſtragled longe whilſt I ſhould haue walked in thy wayes, and trode in thy pathes, I haue gone backe when I ſhould haue purſued thy pleaſure, and haue trained my ſelfe in the trauerſe of thy teachynges.

Leade mée, O Lorde, with thy heauenly hande and I ſhalbée truely lead, direct mee with the ſpirite of vnderſtandyng and I ſhalbée ſaulfly directed, let ẏ bright burnyng lampe of thy wonderfull worde ſtill ſhyne bẽfore mine eyes, and pearce into my harte, ſo ſhall I bée ſure not to treade one ſteppe amiſſe, bée thou alwayes my moſt mercifull God, and make mée continually thy moſt obedient childe.

Blot the beadroule of my miſdeedes out of thy remembrance, O thou kynge of mercie, and indorſe the recordes of my tranſgreſſions with a diſcharge of thy great compaſſion, ſet thy holly hande vpon my harte in token

ken that I am thy childe, and write the wordes of thy pleasure in my breast, make mée assured that I am one whom thou haste predestinated vnto life.

Glorifie thy self in mée, Lorde, for I am thy worke, and let mée bee glorified in thée, for thou art my GOD, my strength, my saluation, and glorie, purifie my soule that thou mayst dwell in mée, and graunt I may bée made worthy to dwell in thee, for thou art in althinges, and althinges are in thée, to thée therfore bée praise and honour for euer and euer.

Amen.

L.

¶ *Learne to do wel, applie your selues to equitie, deliuer the oppressed, helpe the Fatherlesse to his right, let the widdowes complaint come before you.*

¶ The sixt Flower.

LORDE, in thy moste louynge mercies, haue I alwayes put my whole trust and confidence, wherfore thou haste assured mée that I shall come to no reproche nor shame, there shal no ignominie nor confusion take holde vpon mée, and although there should rise whole thousandes of wicked conspiratours against mée: yet should they not preuayle, for thou art the portion of my hope.

Accordynge vnto whiche moste swéetest couenantes of thine: so let thy kindenesse more then fatherlie compasse mée alwayes, like the garment wherwith I am couered, let thy mercies bée vnto mée a shielde of defence, and a buckler of assured protection, that I may neuer dread the furie of any foe, strine hée to ouerthrow my bodie or soule.

O turne the hartes of those that hate mée without a cause, or bée offẽded with mée for thy blessinges sake wherewith thou hast blessed mée, eyther because thou hast increased mee with wealth, or aduaunced mée to honour, or lifted mée into the fauour of my gracious Soueraigne, wherin I yéelde thy maiestie moste hartie thankes.

Make mée, O Lorde, a méete mẽber for the vocation whervnto thou hast called mée, graunt mee the gifte of godlinesse: as thou haste planted mée in prehemineñce of place, let vertue flowrish and vice bée suppressed, the righteous cause of the Orphane, widowe, and sutche as are destitute preuayle, and the oppressour receaue his deserued foyle.

Bryng it thou to effect, O almightie God, from whom procéedeth the motion of all good thoughtes, that as thou hast made thine onely Sonne,

our Sauiour Chriſte, the ſole ſheapheard of thy faithfull flocke: ſo wee may all knowe his voyce, and followe him in ſinceritie of life, and puritie of doctrine, all the dayes of our life.

I hartly beeſeeche thee, Lorde, that in conſideration of mine vnrighteouſneſſe: thou giue mee not ouer into the handes of mine enemies, and ſutch as fayne woulde ſee my fal, and reioyce at my finall deſtruction, and eſpecially deliuer mée from falſe prophetes, and preachers, whiche ſeeke only their owne commoditie, and not the edefication of thy hungrie peoples ſoules.

Cauſe mee to take a moſte ſingulare delight in the readynge, and hearyng of thy holly Goſpell, to frame my life accordyng vnto the ſacred inſtitutions of thy worthie worde, without whiche: all other doctrine concernyng the worſhipping of thée, is deuiliſh and vngodly, and that by all

all meanes I may seeke the setting forth of the same.

Let the enemies of thy trueth bee enemies vnto mée, that embrasinge their persons with laudable charitie: I may persecute their offences vnto th'amendement of their liues and conuersation, and that they may vnderstand at length, that thou art a iealous God, and wilt not giue thine honour to another.

O moste mightie kynge, and giuer of all gracious goodnesse, conuert the hartes of all suche as persecute thy Christe in his membres thine elect, open their eies I beseeche thee that they may beehold their errours, and repent them of their misdeedes, and confirme the hartes of the afflicted, that they may persist in confessing thy name.

Mercifully cal mée backe, for I acknowledge that for my parte I haue walked wronge, thou hast giuen me

vnderstandynge to perceaue myne owne imperfections, the multitude of them lieth heaped beefore myne eyes, and my harte is sore greeued therwith, O comfort mee, good Lord, and quicken mee ofttsones in thee.

I haue bin continually more readie to offende thy maiestie, then to execute thy heauenly will, there is no maner of meanes wherin a man may displease thee that I am guiltlesse, take mercie vpon mee and forgiue mee therefore, for I am determined neuer agayne to commit the like, strengthen mee with thy spirite that I neuer sinne hereafter.

Most louynge Father, and mercifull God, I hartely require thee, for my Lorde Jesus Christes sake, graunt mee that I may couet with a prudent minde those thinges that be pleasant and acceptable vnto thee, that I may finde them easely, searche them wisely, know them truely, and erer-

erercise them effectually, to the worthy praise of thy glorious name.

Dispose the whole course of my life in sutche order, that it may accomplish that whiche thy godly pleasure requireth at my handes, that I may perfectly know it, haue a willyng minde to do it, and power from thée to fulfill it, whereby I may obtayne those thinges, that bée moste conuenient for my necessities, and appertaynyng to my saluation.

Chéere vp my hart, O my moste déere God, with the hope of thy plenteous promises, and make mée alwayes as merie as it bécommeth a Christian, and one that feareth God, giue mée grace euer to reioyce in thée and thy godly will, and that I may bée sorie for nothynge: but onely in dooyng those thinges that draw mee away from thee, to éuell.

O Lorde God of infinite wisdom, inspire my hart, and direct my voyce

that I may not thinke, nor vtter any thinge before thee: then that whiche thou knowest to bee expedient for mee to aske, and glorious for thee to giue, turne not my prayer into perdition, nor my sute into sinne, for thou art my God, on whom I wholy depende, saue mee for thy mercies sake, O saue mee, accordynge as I haue alwayes repoased my confidence in thee. Amen.

A.

¶ *A mans almes is as a purse with him, and shall keepe a mans fauour as the apple of an eye: and afterwarde shall it arise, and pay euery man his rewarde vpon his head.*

¶ The seuenth Flower.

ACcordyng vnto the incomprehensible numbre of thy manifolde mer-

mercies, O Lorde, take pitie and compassion vpon mee, discharge mee of the importable fraught of mine infirmities, for thou art hee that loosest and none can binde, and that bindest and none can lose, lose mee therefore I beseeche thee, from the lothesome burden of my sinne, and binde mee that I may not depart from thy statutes.

O thou God of my power, make my hart to resemble the driest towe, and let the most feruent loue of thy lawes, kindle, as it were, a flaminge fier within my breast, that I may so bee consumed with a greedie zeale in fulfillyng thy heastes, let no coale of conscience in anywise extinguish this burnyng: nor yet likewarmenesse aswage this heate.

Let others see this in mee, that they may take example thereat and bee confirmed in Godlinesse, for I am priuily greeued that I haue bin vn-

acquayne,

acquainted with thy welsprynges of truth, and haue ensued the puddels of iniquitie, augmenting mine offence, and heaping sinne vpon sinne, wherby I haue growen in more daunger of thy iudgement.

Surely, Lorde, I am a most greeuous offender, but thou hast said, that thou sékest not the death of a sinner, but rather that hée turne and liue, turne mée then and I shall surely bée turned, say thou the worde & I shall liue, for in that thou art almightie thou canst conuert: and bicause thou art mercifull thou canst saue.

Remember, O moste iust, Holly, and louyng God, that thou art bothe my maker, and redéemer, & as thou diddest create mée of singuler loue, and redéemedst mée of merueilous mercie: so extende thy fauour alwayes towardes mée, callynge to minde that I am still the same, bothe thy wondrous worke, and thy seely seruant.

Thinke not any longer, ſweete God, vpon thy iuſtice in reſpecte of mée that am a moſt miſerable tranſgreſſour, but rather weigh thy ſingular compaſſion towardes thy afflicted creatour, for my conſcience beareth mee recorde I haue deſerued thy wrath, and without thée, I cannot ſufficiently repent mée for mine offence.

Howbeit, moſt certayn it is, that thy mercies do ſurmount the deapth of the moſt deadlieſt ſinnes, thy medicines are greater then the greif of my ſickeneſſe, and thy power ſurpaſſeth all the infirmities of humane kynde, that I am not able to offende ſo mutche: but thou art of might to pardon mee more.

Spare mée therefore, O God of my ſtrength, for in thee is my health and as for the confuſion of a ſinner thou doeſt not deſier it, bée mercifull at the ſute of a ſinfull ſoule that ſtan-

deth in dread of thy dirty iudgement lokyng for deliuerance, and running for refuge to the redoubted rampier of thy milde mercies.

Pardon mée, Lorde, if at any time I haue sought the ayde of any creature, neclecting thée that art the creator of all thynges, without whom there is no health nor saluation, if I haue drunken of the lothsome lakes, and refused thee that art the Fountayne of Life, if I haue fully fead on wicked weedes, and passed by the holsome herbes of diuine doctrine.

I haue erred, Lorde, and gone astray like a wilfull sheepe, and harkned vnto the voyce of fayned sheapheards that had no part with thée, I haue bin lofte in the wilderneſſe of wicked superstition and Idolatrie, and torne in the briars of sutche as sought my fleece and cared not for my soule but to destroy it, I haue tasted of the deadly delwe, and the rotte

is

is entred into my veynes.

I am extreame sicke that I cannot stand vpon my legges, I am not able to lift vp my voyce for my lungues are infected, my throat is horse with crying, I am vexed wᵗ a cough, and the terrible stitche assaulteth me so sore within my ribbes: that I am nothyng but a carcas fraught with care, and a wretche wrapped in sinfull sickenesses.

O come, thou God of my saluation come visite thy poore seruant, bring mée home whiche am lost, and direct mee that haue gone astray, teache mée to know the liuely sounde of thy moste holly word, that I may wholy harken therto, and to the voyce of none other that shall happen to call vnto mee, saying: lo héere is Christ, or there is Christe.

Saue mée, Lorde, from the vnsauerie smell of pharasaicall superstition, that my hart neuer bee defiled

therewith, and for thy mercie sake: assist mée moste graciously that I fall not into any dotage of deuilish Idolatrie, for thou art a ielous God, and wilt not suffer thine honour to bee giuen to other, and beesides thee ther is none that can helpe.

I haue fead, O Lorde, to mutche at full vpon the sugred delightes of this wicked worlde, whiche indeede are sauced with most bitter wormewood, the taste of them is pleasant: but the tayle is abhominable tarte, I haue chawed them with pleasure: but they haue choked mee with cares, they seemed vnto mee as toothesome Triacles: but I haue founde them pestilent poysons.

Deliuer mee, gratious GOD, through thy great goodnesse, say vnto mee I wilbée thy comfort, and vnto my soule I will bée thy phisition, then shall there no daunger daunt my hart, nor ghostly greise procure myne

myne anoy, but that I may alwaies cheerefully ſinge foorthe thy noble prayſe for euer. Amen.

S.

¶ Say not vnto thy neighbour, goe thy way and come agayne, to morrow I wil giue thee, wheras thou haſt now to giue him.

¶ The eight Flower.

SAluation, immortalitie, and vnſpeakeable pleaſures, O God, are prepared bountifully to embrace thoſe that put their truſt in thee, and without all doubleneſſe of harte, or contagion of ſinne: leade forthe the lingrynge ſteppes of their lothſome life, in the wayes of trueth and obedience towardes thy commaundementes.

Thy

Thy wayes, moſt ſweete Lorde, are the wayes of wealthe, and thy commaundementes conducte vnto heauenly honour, thou haſte layde forth a ſtreigth pathe vnto thoſe that haue grace to walke therin, and thou haſt promiſed moſt ſingular reward-des, vnto ſutche as obey thy moſte worthy will.

As for thy will: it is the welſpring of welfare, the pathe of peace, the ſea of ſecuritie, the porte of perfection, and the fountayne of all felicitie. Wherefore, I would fayne bee clenſed, that I might tread forthe ỹ time of this daungerous pilgrimage, in accompliſhing thy heauenly heaſtes, and fulfilling thy ſtatutes full of conſolation.

O thou, ỹ art the God of al trueth, whiche in puritie doeſt paſſe the Angels, and exceedeſt the ſaincts in perfection, in reſpect of whoſe hollineſſe: all thinges are vile and ſinfull, my

powre pantyng ghoſt ſore longeth after thée, for that thou art the conſummation of all goodneſſe, & in the ſight of thy glorie: I am aſhamed of mine owne vnrighteouſneſſe.

Lorde, faine would I intreate thy maieſtie, and I do moſte hartely requeſt the ſame, that thou wouldeſt beeholde the wofull afflictions, greifs miſeries, ſtripes, ſores, and wounds, which my ſoule ſuſtayneth through the continuall ſurpriſe of my cancred ſinnes, and in the large abundance of thy milde mercies: heale them with thy holly hande.

Woe am I, my God, that I appeere beefore thée thus couered quight in a ſacke of ſinne, my filthineſſe maketh mée ſtande in feare of thee, and horrour of my ſelf, I tremble to thinke what one thou ſeeſt of mee, if poſſible thou mayeſt ſée mée for the numbre of my ſinnes that exceede the flowers of the ſpringe, or leaues

of

of the trees.

Howbeit, these sinnes of mine, O God of all mercies, doo mutche desier to bee knowne vnto thee: that thou mightest clense them, but lothe are they to bee seene: least thou shouldest detest them, and healed they cannot bee without humble confession, and recited they cannot be without great confusion, if they bee hid they cannot bee cured, and if they be vtterd: they must needes bee abhorred.

O, they kill mee with care, they daunt mee with dread, they consume mee with sorow, they pine mee with payne, they eate mee with greif, they ouerthrow mee with bignesse, they presse mee with weight, they squeeze mee with multitude, through them I am hurt, maymed, lost, & brought vnto vtter destruction.

O come, sweet God, O come with all speede to helpe mee, for heapes of heauinesse, as waues of waters haue entred

entred into my ſoule, I am choaked with mortall cares, and ſtifled in the ſtinkyng ſtreames of ghoſtly aduerſitie, and there is none but thou, lord, that can ſet hande to helpe mée forth, or is of abilitie to procure mée ſuccour.

For thou art the God of all Gods, the moſt potent of all puiſantes, the kinge of glorie, of ſtrength, of power of vertue, of trueth, of righteouſneſſe of perfection, of gladnes, of ſaluation, and eternitie, in whom compaſſion groweth as in a fielde, & from whom there floweth mercie: as it were continuall ſtreames.

Refrayne not, I béeſeche thée, to ertende ſo milde mercie, whereas thou béeholdeſt ſo vrgent miſerie, and if I bée diſmayde in reguarde of thy celeſtiall puritie, to acknowledge my ſinfulneſſe: yet bée not thou ſlack good Lorde, in conſideration of thine accuſtomed graciouſneſſe, to ertende

thy fatherlie pitie, and forgiuenesse.

Turne not away from mée, poore wretch, thy wonted benignitie, forasmutch as I confesse my daily iniquitie, and although my sinnes bée mo in number then is for mée méete and sittinge: yet let thy mercie bée no lesse then it is decent for so gentle and pitiefull a god, O god the god of al fauourablenes.

Yolw mutch the more abhominable my sinnes are in thy sight, yeldinge forth a lothsome smell of displeasure in thy presence O god: so mutch the more do they stand in néed of holsome cure, which of necessitie procéedeth from thée and none other, to requite the same with sutche integritie and newnesse of life: as may bée acceptable vnto thee.

Yeale therefore, O most singular good Lorde, my grieuous infirmitie, and so shalt thou ridde mée of that whiche offendeth thée my wofull deformitie,

formitie, acquite mee from my contagious sickenesse: and thou shalt smel no more my most horrible lothsomnesse, pardon within mee this bitter calamitie: and nothyng shall lenger offende thy sinceritie.

Create in mee, O Lorde God, a moste godly zeale, and feruent desier to perseuere alwayes within the cõpasse of thy heauenly will, and neuer to commit any thynge that is repugnant vnto the same, assistyng mee also with thy holy spirite, that I fayle not in this moste godly purpose, but stedfastly pursue it vnto the last day of my life, so shall I bee assuredly safe from sinne and my tongue shall alwayes bee tellynge thy pereleste prayses.

Amen.

¶ A gra-

A.

¶ *A gratious woman getteth honour, an huſwifely woman is a crowne vnto her huſband: but shee that beehaueth her ſelf vnhoneſtly, is a corruption in his bones.*

¶ The ninthe Flower.

AS a childe that hath tranſgreſſed the cõmaundement of his maſter, ſtandeth in awe of the rodde: euen ſo, O lorde, am I in greate dread of thy iudgement, for that is the hier of ſutch as obſerue not thy heaſtes, bicauſe I haue not walked after thy will, nor harckned vnto the voyce of thy worde, but run forthe on the reigne of myne owne ſenſualitie.

But

But thou haſte made a couenant with mée, that when ſo euer I conuert my ſelfe vnto thée: thou wylte fauourably turne thy ſelfe vnto mée, and if I repent: thou wilt forgiue, if I bée ſorie: thou wilt remẽber myne offences no longer, ſée then, Lorde, for I bring with mée now the branch of ſorow, and héere I hold it vp vnto thée for a monument of thy remembraunce.

Saue mée, good Lorde, as hitherto thou haſt done, deliuer mée in the day of diſtreſſe, for thou art the horne of my health, and the ſheild of my ſaluation, and the gaine of my glorie, I haue no power at all but it proceédeth from thée, and thou beareſt vp the féeblenes of myne infirmitie, and thy mercie is my ſtaffe to leane vpõ.

From the daungers of death, and from the ſnares of Sathan, and from the cheines of Hell, and when I was ſwallowed vp: thou didſt deliuer my

soule from destruction, I was wrapped in woe but I am set at libertie, as a bird that was fallen into the fowlers lyme, and at length is loosed by some good bodie.

For these thy bountiful benefites, O god, take from mée the vice of vnthankfulnes that I may thinke and thanke thée therefore, and graciously dispose the waies of thy seruant, that I may continew in thy pleasure, but if thou wouldest so direct mée that I might offende thée no more: there shoulde no ioy bée comparable vnto myne.

They are hated of thée that do turn thy plentifull blessings into scarcitie, and they are partakers of their wickednes that are in authoritie seinge it, and do not redresse it, open their eies, swéet god, that they may sée it, & endeuour their hartes to amend it, that thy people perishe not throughe the iniquitie of a fewe, that haue heaped vp

ped vp a great sinne.

I haue prayd vnto thée with an ernest hart for all my imperfections, to bée deliuered of them, and nowe I humbly sue, good Lorde, that thou wouldest vouchsalfe to preserue mée from the déede that may prouoke the bitternes of any mans soule against mée, for I am assured that thou wilt repay it with vengeance.

There bée some that haue laid wait to intrap mée, and they would bée exceeding glad of my fall, but my trust is in thée, that thou wilt not giue mée ouer as a praye to myne ennemies, make their desiers void, let them bée confounded in their owne drifts, and faile of their purpose that they wickedly haue inuented.

Pardon mée, O god, in all my presumptions, forgiue them that persecute mee, make mée loue them that hate me, and hartely to pray for them that wish my finall destruction, howbeit,

beeit, I beeſeech thee, Lorde, to ſaue mee from their handes, leſt if thou ſhouldſt forſake mee: I fall into their power, and there bee none to defende mee from their malice.

Truly, Lord, I am fully determined to make thy precepts a gardeyne of pleaſure, and thy lawes an alley of delight to take my recreation therin during the dayes of my fleſh, only I requeſt thee of thy goodnes to graunt mee thy grace, with the continuance of this good worke which thou haſt begun in mee.

Since thou lotheſt, Lorde, an vngodly life: giue mee power, I praye thee, to flie the workes of the fleſhe which thou doſt hate, and to embrace the deedes of righteouſenes whiche thou doeſt loue, and in them to ſeeke thy glorie, incline my mind alwaies to meditate on thy lawe, and to caſte all the cares of my hart vpon thee.

The death and buriall, the reſurrection

rection & aſcention of thæ, my ſwæt ſauiour Chriſte, I humbly adore, and giue hartie thankes for them, for in them there riſeth vnto mæ a ſauour of life, through the quickenyng ſmell of all theſe: raiſe vp my ſoule, I pray thée, good Lorde, from the dreadfull death of ſinne.

O duſt and aſhes, why doeſt thou walke with a proude hart, and ſtretched out neck, and why art thou mooued with impacience agaynſt euerie triflynge aduerſitie? Bæholde the mækeneſſe and humilitie of thy redæmer, and learne to bee humble of harte, and low of courage, bæ aſhamed of pride, and bluſh for want of patience.

Lorde, if I coulde giue vnto thée Heauen and Earth, and all the glory thereof for hier, from the toppe of my rewarde: I coulde not ſufficiently recompence the deapth of thy deſert, yet giue mée that grace, that ſo farre

as mine abilitie extendeth: I may requite thy bountie with thankes, and shew how mutch I am bettered by thy heauenly liberalitie.

Giue mee thy peace whiche the worlde cannot giue, graunt mée the ioy whiche thine elect do possesse, sustayne mee with the comfort that neuer shalbee voyde, erect mée with hope that shall alwayes persist, instruct mée with thy worde that euer shall endure, aduaunce mee to thy kyngdome that neuer shall ende, and thy glorie shall still liue in mée, for I shall neuer die. Amen.

N

¶ *No thought may escape God, neither may any Woord bee hid from him, hee hath garnished the high excellent woorkes of his Wisdom and hee is from euerlasting to euerlastyng.*

¶ The

¶ The. x. Flower.

NEwnesse of life, and singlenesse of hart, and an vndefiled waye, are the very offringes of swete incense vnto thée, O thou moste righteous God, and thou acceptest the sorowful sute of a martyred minde, in what time soeuer hée powreth forthe his playnt vnto thee, so harken vnto mée I béseeche thee, for beautifie hath builded his bower within my breast.

I come vnto thée béetimes in the morning, and late in the night, and at high noone, and when I go to rest and when I rise agayne, when I am alone, and when I am in companie, whether I bée in thy holly church, or in my secret chamber, and all is for thy mercie, O Lorde, for thou haste no respecte of the person, time, or place.

Multiplie in mée the giftes of thy

grace, and conuert thy foes through my force, make my bodie an instrument of all goodnesse, whiche shall come to passe: if thou clense the vncleanesse of my soule, scoure the vnsæmely spottes of my stayned conscience, examine my thoughtes, and innouate a newe degrée of desiers within my harte.

Lorde, graunt I beseeche thée, that whether I bee in wealth or woe, in health or in sickenesse, whether I eat or drinke, sleepe or wake, trauayle or take my rest, or what euer I doo: I may doo it in thée, and for thée, and by thée, and nothing without thée, for my desier is alwaies, if it bée possible to bée with thee, & neuer to bée from thee.

Plant fast thy pleasure in the bottome of my breast, for thy will, O God, is the worker of my wealthe, and my wil is the weauer of my wo thy law is the leader vnto light, and my

my law is the loser of my life, thy heastes are the healpers vnto health, and my heasles are the heapers vp of my heauinesse, thy precepts are the porte of peace, and my preceptes are the passedge to perdition.

This worlde where I am, Lorde, may well bee termed the vale of wickednesse, for here is nothyng els but pride, malice, partialitie, trouble, enuie, veration, strife, carefulnesse, ambition, couetousnesse, briberie, extorcion, vsurie, idle othes, and abhominable periurie, whoredome, hipocrisie, and all vnclenlinesse, bitter contention for the trueth of thy worde: and no man careth to follow it.

O Lorde, that it might please thee to quenche the thirst of this worldly vanitie that biteth so sharpe within the breast of mortall men, that they might see what it is that they seeke for, & learne to loke after that which thei lose, that by due conference of the

twayne: they may bœholde their follie, and hartely repent them while they haue respite.

The gayne of thy grace, O thou greate God, shall euermoze bee the bzightnesse of my bewtie, foz I will request nothyng but thy mercie, and put my confidence in no creature but in thee only, if I haue that: then am I happie, and if I bee with thee: I am blessed, and I wil singe fozth thy prayses in the congregation of thy faithfull people.

Lozde, thou knowest howe litle the righteousnesse is whiche I haue, and yet that whiche I haue is altogether to bee reputed thine, foz it is euident that I can alonely dœ no good deede, but not so mutche as name GOD, were it not throughe the holly ghoste, and vnlesse thou giue the power, whiche sayest that without thee wee can dœ nothynge.

Open my mouthe, that with all my

my ſoule I may make humble ſupplications vnto thee, and confeſſe my ſelfe vnto thy maieſtie, ſaying: thou haſt wrought all our good workes in vs, and therefore in reſpect of them wee may ſing with thy princely prophet Dauid, not vnto vs Lorde, not vnto vs, but vnto thy name giue the glorie.

So farre as in mée lieth, I will endeuour, that thy moſt worthie fame ſhall ſtreatche vnto the endes of the worlde, vnto Turkes, and infidels, that haue no knowledge of thee, or ſuch as liue in miſbeléef of thy truth and I beſéech thee to arme the preachers of thy word with boldnes, and vnderſtanding, that they may fayle for no feare, to tell the truth, nor bée corrupt with ignorance, nor hereſie.

Thou art moſt worthie, O lorde God, to bée loued and honoured, for thy great goodnes and vnſearcheable wiſedome, and all other perfections without

without number or end, that art verie perfection it self, and all that euer wee can yeeld vnto thee, in faithe, or feare, or loue: is too too litle and very nothing in respect of that which thou hast deserued.

If thou shouldest lay vnto our charge, the greeuous default of innocencie, and righteousnesse, whiche is required to bee in vs, by thy commaundementes: O Lorde, how coulde wee endure the sharpenesse of thy iudgement? for wee were assured to perish eternally, but lende mee the shield of thy mercy, to defend mee against the stroake of thy iust wrath.

Reueale vnto mine eyes the bewty and comlinesse of vertues, and the fowlenesse and deformitie of vices, that I may fall in loue with the one, and mislikyng with the other, taking a speciall reguarde whiche I shoulde harbour in my hart, submittyng my self vnto thy heauenly disposition, as

I may bee made meetest to serue thée.

I will laude thée, O Lorde my strength, with my lippes, and I will magnifie thy might with my mouth, I wil loue thy lawes as my life, and walke in thy will as my way, I wil singe forth thi saluation in my song, and muse on thy mercies in my minde, I will hange vp thy hope in my harte, and bury thy bountie in my bosome. Amen.

N.

¶ Now I *see that they which feare God haue the right spirite, for their hope standeth in him that can helpe them: and the eies of the* Lorde *are on them that loue him.*

¶ The. xj. Flower.

NEuer let mée doo the thynge, O Lorde, that is displeasant in thy sight, but make thou my steppes right vnto thée, and cléere my pathes in thy presence, that there bée no iniquitie founde in my harte, nor guile in my mouth, nor vnrighteousnesse in my handes, nor any thynge about mée that maye prouoke offence agaynst thee, that thou shouldest turn from mée, and forsake mée.

It is thy wisdome that is vnto mee more precious then golde, and I desier it aboue althynges bee they neuer so fayer, I am inflamed with the loue of it, lende it vnto mée, my deere God, for it is that whiche teacheth thy will, and sheweth what is most acceptable vnto thy sight, and it leadeth the way vnto the true worshippynge of thee.

O my God, I haue gone astray, I haue done amisse, I haue committed wickednesse, I am sinfull, cal mée home, and pardon my misdoynges, plucke mee away from my haynous offences, heale my soule that is oppressed with harmes, for I acknowledge my manifolde iniquities, and I am hartely sorie for my sinnes.

I am woe that euer I went awrie, thou seest, Lord, the contrition of my hart, and my sighing is not hid from thée, take no reguarde to my crimes that are past, but harken how I purpose to amende, only guide mée with thy grace, shunne not the sute of a sinner, but heare the prayer of him that putteth his trust in thee, as thou most louingly hast promised.

Thou art almightie, O Lorde my God, and canst graunt whatsoeuer is asked, giue vnto my soule an hartie fèelyng of true deuotion, fulfill mée with the Charitie, and louynge

kindeneſſe of thy deere ſunne, which hæ erpreſſed when moſte humbly hæ offred himſelfe vpon the Croſſe, died the bitter death, and ſhedde his precious bloud for the ſinnes of mee, and many.

Lorde, if my teares were in quantitie match to the dœpe ſea, and my ſighes were as the ſmoke of a Fornace, and my ſobbes coulde breake the harde Diamonde, and my waylynges were equall vnto the noyſe of thunder, and my ſorow were ſutch as no tongue can erpreſſe: yet could I not ſufficiently lamēt for the guilt of my græuous offences.

Thou haſt giuen mee an harte to vnderſtande thee, and eies to bœhold thee in thy worthie worckes, giue mée alſo, I pray thee, a deſier to walke in thy will, and then I am certayne I ſhall want nothynge that is needefull for the good eſtate of my bodie or ſoule, aboue all, giue mée the quiet-

quietneſſe of a calme conſcience, and ſeperate mée not from the hope of thy health.

I haue prayed vnto thee, my ſwéet God, for perfection of minde, ſo I béeſéeche thée alſo, ſende mée the ſtrength and firmitude of bodie, with al the powers therof to thy pleaſure, preſerue the corporal life of my ſouereigne, thy faithfull ſeruant, our gracious gouerner: likewiſe of my parentes, friendes, and kinſefolke, vouchſaulfe to bée fauourable vnto my fére whom thou haſt ſent mée in thy feare, and ſtande good father vnto my poore remainder, the béeloued moitie of my life.

If thou graunt not my petitions, thou art true notwithſtanding, for God heareth not ſinners, and if thou giue eare vnto my prayers, thou art merciful, for thou commaundeſt mée to aſke and I ſhall receaue, and if I obtayne: it is only thy méere libera-

litie no deſert of mine, ſhew mée thy mercie that I may bee hearde, and make mee worthy, O Lorde, to receaue.

Thou haſt taught mée to pray, O deliuer mée from the greate éeuill, ſaue mée from the mouth of the monſtrous Dragon whiche continually proſecuteth mée, and with the ſheild of thy might deliuer mée from his perilous hornes, for his moſt grédy deſier is to entrappe my life, and to deuoure my ſoule whiche thou haſte created.

Wherefore, O Lorde, inceſſantly I crie vnto thee, acquite mee from my daylie aduerſarie, whiche, whether I ſleepe or wake, whether I eate or drinke, or whatſoeuer I do: by all meanes bothe day and night, lieth in waite priuely or openly to ſhoote his venemous ſhaftes againſt mee, and to ſley my ſoule, but bee thou my gracious protectour.

If thou, Lorde, bée on my side: I esteéme not the force of any foe, there is nothynge to hurt where thou arte to helpe, there can no fende of darcknesse impugne, where the Lorde of light doth defende, let mée not perish, Lorde, through lacke of thy succour, for in my hart I haue made thee the full refuge of my hope, and the rampier of my health.

Confesse I must nædes, that the deuises of my hart haue driuen mee from my duetie, and the imaginations of my minde haue augmented my mischeif, but I trust, Lorde, that in the ritchnesse of thy mercies thou wilt thinke on my pouertie, and in the plentie of thy goodnesse thou wilt remembre my scarcitie of perfectiõs, and take fauourable compassion vpon mee.

O eternall Lorde, I powre not forthe my prayers bæfore thy presence, trustynge in the strength of mine

mine owne righteousnesse: but in thy greate and manifolde mercies, saue mee, Lorde, for thy deere sonnes sake, preserue mee from slaunderous tungues, and hatefull hartes, defende mee from mishappe, pestilence, famine, murther, and sudden death I beseeche thee.

I will singe with my mouth, and giue thankes with my harte, and set forth thy glorie, most glorious God, and I will conforme all the members of my body that they shall doo thy will, I wil bee wholy the Lords and the Lorde shalbee the porcion of my patrimonie, refuse mee not, for my will shall alwayes bee with thee. Amen.

¶ Euery

E.

¶ *Euery mans woorke shalbee made manifest, the day shall declare it, bicause it shalbee reuealed by the fier, and the fier shall trie euerie mans woorke what it is.*

¶ The. xij. Flower.

EVerlastyng God, and most mercifull Father, thou haste stirred mée vp with the liuely feelyng of an vnfayned faith, this day to call vpon thy most holly name, increase, I beéseæthe thee, continually that godly desier within my breast, for I know thou hast guiftes enow in store for vs all, and thou wilt heare the humilitie of an hartie praier.

Heare mée now therefore, O my Lorde, for I stande a far of cryynge with the Publican, Lorde haue mer-

cie vpon mée which am a sinner, and with the Leaper, Lorde if it bée thy will: thou canst cleanse mée, and with the faithfull Centurian, Lorde my seruant is very sicke and like to die, but say thou the worde and hée shall bée made whole.

What dw thése wordes signifie other, O Lorde, but that I am in miserie and fayne woulde bée releéued, I am in sorow and fayne would bée comforted, I am in distresse and fayne woulde bée succoured, I am in sinne and fayne woulde bée pardoned, and I come vnto thee, for thou art the only worker of wealth, and Lorde of mercie, and I hope thou wilt helpe mée.

Haue mercie vpon mée, O Lorde, haue mercie vpon mée, for I had neuer so mutche néede, my offences are increased, and my force is diminished and if I would take in hand to write the millians of my misdeedes, that dayly

dayly do burden my bodie, and sinke my soule: it were nedeful that thou shouldest create in me a thousande new tongues.

I can hide nothyng from thée, that whiche I haue committed in secrete: lieth manifest before thy celestiall eyes, for at the dooynge of all thynges thou art present, and thou art the perpetuall beholder of my harte, and all my delightes, dedes, and deuises of minde, are as cleare in thy sight: as is the light of the noneday, and more clearer.

But harken now awhile, O my soule, forsake thy worldly businesse, and carefull cogitations for a season, be at leasure vnto God, and take thy rest in him, entre into the secret closet of thy harte, and shut forth all other occupations, and when thou art there alone: then seeke for the lorde, and he will seeke for thée, and if thou list: thou shalt surely finde him.

And when thou haſt founde him: ſay then vnto him, O lorde, my harte hath ſought thy face, teache mée, I beſeeche thée, how I may ſéeke thee aright, and where I may finde thee readely, if thou bée abſent where I may haue thée preſent, if I cannot ſe thée, for darkeneſſe of my vnderſtandyng: bryngе mée into the inacceſſible light, where I may alwayes beholde thee.

Lorde, what ſhall thy ſeruant doo whiche languiſheth for the loue of thée, and pineth for payne that hée is ſo longe frõ thy preſence? hée would gladly finde thée: and hée woteth not the place of thy abode, hée would willyngly ſeeke thee: and hée knoweth not thy face, yet art thou my Lorde, and my God, and I the worke of thy worthy handes.

O mightie God, thou haſte made mée, and preſerued mée, and thou diddeſt create mée that I ſhould béeholde

holde thee, and yet haue I not fulfilled that for whiche I was ordeyned. O how miserable is the state, and condition of mankinde, if hée lose that through his owne wilfulnesse, for whiche hée was made: let mée neuer Lorde, see that day, but shew mee the light of thy glorie.

Make mée recompt, O Lorde, through thee, the miserie of mine owne transgressions, and with wonderfull affection to desier redresse at thy deitie, how all the children of Adam should haue feed on the bread of Angels at pleasure, which now they do want, and now they breake the bread of sorow, wheron they feede at full with all bitternesse.

Forget not thy poore creature, O most merciful God, that is buried vp in mountaynes of miserie, and swallowed vp in the sea of sorow, turne thy face vnto mée whiche was turned away from mée, and heare mée

whom thou wouldest not beholde, lighten my dimmed eies, and shew mee thy cheerefull countenance.

Restore thy selfe vnto mee, that it may goe well with mee in thee, with whom it goeth so ill without thee, repayer my decayed partes, take pitie vpon my afflictions and traueiles, helpe mine endeuours, for I can do nothyng without thee, sweeten my bitter potion with thy celestiall suger, suffer mee not to die in despayrynge: but to haue life in hopyng.

In hart and contemplation, Lord, I draw neere vnto thee, a carefull castaway pining with pouertie: vnto thee the Lorde of light waltrynge in wealth, a miserable wretche: to a mercifull God, an hungrie soule to the fountayne of foode, Lorde, I haue sought thee hungrynge, let mee not leaue thee fastyng, nor departe from thee fayntyng.

Teache mee the way, sweet God, where-

wherein I may walke to seeke thee, and shew thy selfe vnto mee, I beseeche thee, that faine woulde finde thee, for I cannot seeke thee vnlesse thou instruct mee, nor I cannot finde thee: vnlesse thou discrie thy self, let mee seeke thee in desiering, and desier thee in seeking, let mee finde thee in louing, and loue thee in findyng.

As I am thine Image: so make mee remember my selfe, to thynke on thee with loue, loue thee with desier, desier thee with feare, feare thee with faith, seeke thee with wisdome, finde thee with truth and singlenesse of hart, and abide with thee in thyne eternall glorie, whiche thou hast prepared for them that serue thee.

Amen.

B

¶ *Blesse them whiche persecute you, blesse, and curse not, reioyce with them that reioyce, and weepe with them that weepe, beeing of like affection one vnto another, not high minded, but matching your selues to the lower sorte.*

¶ The. xiij. Flower.

Lessed are they, as thou hast taught vs, O my sweete sauiour Iesus Christe, which diligently do heare thy most worthy word: and kæpe the same, yea thrise blessed are they that spende their time in the searche of thy right sacred will, expressing

prestyng it in their life and conuersation, for thy holly spirite shall neuer bee absent from them.

I woulde to God it might please thee, so to addresse my waies, that I might in no wise wander awrie, and that thou wouldest take away all stumblinge blockes from my feete that I might not fall, and preuent all daungers that I might not miscarie, but that thy pathes were made so plaine: that I might neuer commit offence against thee.

O Lorde, so it irketh mee that euer I went astray, it greeueth mee to the hart, insomutch that I can receaue no comfort when I thinke on thy heauie wrath, and due indignation wherwith thou doest prosecute the sinnes of the vngodlie, euen vnto the third and feuerth generation of such as haue not fulfilled thi commaundementes.

But bee thou, good Lord, vnto mee

a moſt ſpeciall comforter, that although I bee alreadie laid verie low: yet I may not bee vtterly brought to ruine, turne the bitter ſcourge of thy wellworthie vengeance, leaſt I periſh in the ſharpe execution of thy deſerued puniſhment, and ſo that bee loſt which thou dideſt make, and buie full deere.

Thy propertie it is, moſte bleſſed God, to ſaue and not to ſpil, thou dideſt create and not conſume, thy workes are wonderous, and they ſeemed al good vnto thee, when thou dideſt make nothynge of ſpight, nor ſpight at nothyng that thou diddeſt make, whereby increaſeth my comfort, that I ſhall not bee left quight deſtitute, and forſaken.

It is affliction enough for mee, that I haue forſaken thy waies, and not loked after the Lorde of my life, let confeſſion of the fault bee ſufficient puniſhment for an offender ỹ tranſgreſſeth

gresseth not of set purpose, but onely through the imperfection of fraile nature, and want of thy most gracious goodnesse.

I haue broken thy statutes like a proude rebell, I haue contemned thy preceptes like a naughtie seruant, I haue violated thy will like a disobedient childe, I haue wandred from thy folde like a lost sheepe, I haue disobeyed the good pleasure of my most sweete and louyng God: like a most wicked, and wretched creature.

Deale not with mée, O Lorde, accordynge vnto my desertes but thy kindenesse, not hauyng respect vnto seuere iustice, but tender mercies: that I may liue lenger to amend my misdeedes, and other by mine example may endeuour to do the like, and so thy most noble name may be magnified bothe in them and mée, with right worthy commendation.

Let not that bée layed vnto my

charge, I hartly bée séeche thée, wherin vnwittyng, vnwillyng, or vnaduisedly I haue prouoked thy anger, but forget the follies of my forepassed yéeres, when I was yonge and rash by course of kinde, when sinne is accoumpted but a play, and but very smale reguarde is hadde vnto thy wayes.

Purifie mée from my secret sinnes wherof there is none priuie but thou alonely, that sittest on high, and searchest the priuities of eche mans hart bélow in the earthe, to iudge euery one in his owne deuise, and repaye them accordyng vnto their inuentions, béewraying their filthinesse vnto the worlde, that erst lay secret in couert.

O Lorde, for thy names sake, let no custome of sinnyng take holde vppon mee, nor let mée neuer take pleasure in doyngе wickednesse, for the one were harde to bée eschewed without

out speciall helpe, and the other is a manifest signe of want of grace, but bee thou alwayes my succour, O thou the God of my strength, and fortitude.

Suffre vs not to goe a whoryng with straunge thinges, whilst wee seeke after thee, as for thee: thou art within vs if wee wilbee within thee, wee neede not to searche thee far of: for thou art with vs in our fayth, vntill sutche time as wee deserue that thou maist bee with vs in personall apparance, which graunt that I may beeholde.

For wee know, as sayeth the holly Apostle, that Christe through faythe dothe dwell within our hartes. For why? Christe is within our Faith, the faith within our minde, ỹ minde within our hart, the hart within our breast, but clense thou them all, most gratious God, that my bodie may bee made a meete temple for thee to

dwell in.

Thou hast fashioned mee after thyne owne image, conforme mee therefore my God, most likely vnto thy similitude, in all vertue, and holinesse, in desier of peace, in contemplation of veritie, in loue of charitie, let mee euermore retayne thee in memorie, carie thee in my conscience holde thee in my harte, and honour thee as present.

Heare mee, O God, in thy goodnesse, & turne not thy mercifull eare from my sorowfull crie, O let the vncleanesse of my soule bee purified, the darkenesse of my minde lightned, the warmenesse of my harte heatened, the coldenesse of my conscience warmed, and the sleepinesse of my bodie wakened, and I my self by all meanes prepared, that I may bee thy seruant to do thy heauenly pleasure, as I am already the worke of thy cunninge fingers.

Amen.

A

¶ *A man that beareth hatred against another, how dare hee desier forgiuenesse of* God? *forgiue then thy neighbour the hurt that hee hath doone thee, and so shall thy sinnes bee forgiuen thee also when thou praiest.*

¶ The.xiiij. Flower.

ADuaunce thyself, O Lorde, in thine eternall power, and draw thée nére to deliuer mée from the snares of the Deuill, that haue intrapped mée, and throwne mée almost vnto the grownd, I haue bin plunged a longe time in the sea of sensualitie, and I perceaue my deliuerãce cometh only from thée, wherfore deliuer mée, O Lorde, of my saluation.

Thy power is aboue all powers, thou

thou hast made althynges subiect vn-
to thée, for through thée Death hath
no stinge, nor Hell hath victorie, e-
ternall thankes bee vnto God, who
in our good Lorde, and sauiour Iesus
Christe: hath giuen vnto vs a noble
cõquest ouer our enemies, for which
while I liue: I wil giue most wor-
thy prayse, as it best beeseemeth.

Henceforward loke thou carefully
vnto the course of my life, and holde
fast my harte alwayes in thy feare,
that I bee not founde vnworthy of
thy moste bountifull benefittes, en-
crease in mée a care to continue in
thy commaundements, erecte a fer-
uent faith and assured hope of thy
promises, and mercie, within the
tender intrayles of my breast.

Sprinckle my hart with a dreadge
of thy compassion and precepts min-
gled togither, that I may not wan-
der aside, nor fall into the gulf of thy
wrath, but thy fauour may sustayne
mee,

mee, and thy loue may lift mee vp, bryngyng my feete into thy roomthe of rest, where I may not chose but fulfill thy godly heastes.

O, how happie were I, if I might neuer hereafter in thought, worde, nor deede, commit the thynge that should displease thy maiestie: that life is the longyng of my soule, and th'effect of my desier, my hart mutch wisheth to see that blessed time, and my ioyes then should bee sutch as no tongue can tell.

Truely, to know thee, with the Sunne, and the holly ghost: is the true perfection of eternall life, th'end of blissefulnesse, the summe of all delightes, no eye hath seene, no eare hath heard, nor hath it pearced into the deapth of any mans vnderstandyng, to knowe the inestemable charitie, delectation, and pleasures of the same felicitie, when wee shall beehold the maiestie of God face to face.

N. Uerely

Uerely, moſte glorious kinge, I haue repoſed this hope in my boſom, and my harte daunceth within my breaſt for ioy therof, and I dō aſſure my ſelfe, through faith in thée, that theſe eyes wherewith I reade theſe lines: ſhall ſée that glorie, and this fleaſh wherwith I am cloked in corruption, and meaſhed in mortalitie: ſhalbee a member of that immortall kyngdome.

This worlde is farſt with wickedneſſe, and there are manie ſtaies that ſtoppe a man from righteouſneſſes, blindyng him that hée may not ſee, and hamperyng him that hée may not ſtirre to dō the thyng that is acceptable vnto God, ſequeſtring his minde from all thoughtes, ſtudies, and labours that may incite him vnto thée.

But my truſt is in thée, O God, that thou wilt not ſuffer mée to fall into any outragious offēce, that may demerite thy hot indignation, O

turne

turne away mine eyes, least I beeholde vanitie, and guide my handes that I tutche no vniust thyng, lift vp my mynde vnto contemplation of heauenly sightes, and pull mée from terrestriall cogitations that are but transitorie.

I haue prayed for one thynge, and I request the same moste hartely, that ỹ wouldest preserue my youthe from flatterers, and mine olde age from slaunderers, for the one sorte of them would deuoure mée beefore I am ripe, and the other would burie mée beefore I am dead, and I haue alwayes hated them bothe vtterly.

Powre downe vpon mée, O my louyng God, the blessed dew of thy diuine and incomparable wisdome, whiche is alwayes resident aboute thy heauenly seat, that I may know my selfe throughly, and honour thée worthely, consideryng the frame of mine owne infirmitie, and that there

is no goodnesse but it descendeth from thee that arte aboue.

When, through the peruerse, and froward inclination of my nature, I fall into any wicked, and vngodly imaginations: leaue mée not, good Lorde, vnto them, acquite mée from the disordinate lustes of the body, let no desier of vncleanesse take holde vpon mee, and giue mée not ouer vnto an vnshamefast, impious, and obstinate minde.

Set a sure bridle vpon my mouth, that I speake no proude thynges agaynst thée, suffer not my tongue to bée acquainted with swearyng, and let not the namyng of God bée continually in my lippes, for in it are manie falles, but mercifully giue thou mée aduisement what I shal speake, ere euer I open my mouth.

Call not the wordes that I haue vaynely spoken vnto accoumpt, impute them not vnto mée for sinne, giue

giue mée vnderſtandynge to keepe prudent ſilence, and when I ſpeake let it either bée for temporall neceſſitie, either to edefie others, or els to beare righteous teſtimonie of the trueth, let the veritie of my aſſertion conſiſt in yea yea, or nay nay.

Lorde, héere ſtande I vile wretch beefore the throne of thy dread preſence, hopyng that I ſhalbée heard, not in the fayntneſſe of my faith: but in the polver of thy promiſes. O weigh my weakeneſſe, and graunt my deſier, as thou knoweſt moſte méete for mée, then can I want no wealth, and my conſcience ſhalbée repleniſhed with all ſpirituall conſolation. Amen.

C

¶ *Caſt not thine eyes aſide from the poore, that thou giue him no occaſion to ſpeake euill of thee. For if hee complayne in the bitterneſſe of his ſoule: his praier ſhalbee heard, euen hee that made him, ſhal heare him.*

¶ The. xv. Flower.

CHaſten mée, O God, holwbéit, not in the conſumyng rage of thy ielous wꝛath, foꝛ then ſhall I vtterly periſh, but temper, I béeſéeche thee, thy fury with compaſſion, to the redꝛeſſe of my life, not confuſion of my ſoule, foꝛ if thou ſhouldeſt deale ſo ſeuerely with ſinners: alas, what ſhould béecome of them? foꝛ there is no fleaſh righteous in thy ſight.

O, thinke mercifully vppon the aunci-

auncient ſore of our ſinnes, how that vnwittyngly wée are conceaued and borne in iniquitie, and bée thou readie to apply the ſalue of thy mercie, the onely remedie of Adams infected frute, wherby our wekned bones are made ſtronge, and wée are eſtſones erected into thy fauour.

Thou haſt layde thine heauie diſpleaſure vpon mée, whiche I know well my wickedneſſe hath deſerued, namely a careleſſe conſcience, and necligent callyng vpon thée for grace and thou haſt opened mine eyes that I might béeholde my miſerie, and how far I am caried from thee, that art the port of my ſaluation.

Notwithſtandyng thy roddes, and thy ſtaues, O Lorde, wherwith thou haſt beaten mée haue brought mee comfort, thy correction is full of compaſſion, and in the midſt of the miſeries whiche deſeruedly thou heapeſt vpon our heads: thou groneſt at our greifes,

greifes, and calleſt to minde thy moſt milde mercies.

Sweet Lorde, I yelde thée moſte hartie thankes for thy continuall louynge kindeneſſe, and now I drawe vnto thee for ſuccour, hopyng to finde thine accuſtomed goodneſſe, receaue mée, Lorde, vnder the protection of thy merciſull wynges, kéepe mée for I am thy ſeruant, and preſerue mée as the apple of an eye.

Beholde thou God of my power, I humbly offre heere before thy maieſty, a ſote ſmelling ſacrafice, wherin thou moſte delighteſt, a contrite conſcience, a weaned will, an humble harte, a mated minde, yeldynge eyes, a cumbred carcaſſe, and a ſighinge ſoule, refuſe them not, O Lord, for they appeale vnto the ſeate of thy mercie.

O, take compaſſion vpon the erneſt ſute of a proſtrate ſinner, turn not thine eies from ſeinge his woe, nor

nor thine eares from hearinge his complaint, for I come vnto thee in heate of hart, and feruencie of faith, refuse mee not, O Lorde, for thy promises sake, and for the honour of thy holly name, whereon I doo take hold.

Lorde, thou hast concluded the effect of trew worshippinge God in two poinctes, that is to wit in faithfull feare, and loyall loue of thee, graunt that I may embrace them bothe in hart, and follow them in liuyng, that thou maist bee glorified in mee, and I through thee may enioy euerlastyng felicitie.

O good God, what vile wickednesse, and bedlem beastlinesse is that when as most filthy dust and asshes, disdaineth to harken vnto thee that diddest create all the worlde, runneth from thee when thou doest call, and stoppeth his eares when thou doest speake vnto him? what pestilent

O. plagues

plagues, what due damnation deser-ueth ſutche demeanure?

Agayne, O moſte vnſpeakeable mercie of thy diuine goodneſſe, that beholdeſt vs dayly turnynge away our vnhappie eares, ſhuttynge our foliſh eyes, hardning our ſtubburne hartes, and yet notwithſtandynge crieſt vnto vs, O yée ſinners, incline vnto wiſdome, and beholde, for I am the Lorde your God.

Mercifull God, if at any time I haue bin ſutche one: I hartely beeſeeche thée not to impute it vnto mée, forgiue mée all my fonde negligences, and groſſe ignorancies whiche I haue left vndone, let them come no more into thy ſight to bee obiected agaynſt mée.

O, how well were I, if it might pleaſe thée to drawe mée a direct line in thy lawes, that I might goe right, and leade mée in the light of thy trueth that I might not trippe, and hold mée

mée by the hande that I might not fall, but especially if thou wouldest take mée vnto thée, that wheras thou art, I might bée euer there also.

I haue meruelously offended thée, and there are manie occasions of offence, whiche if thou wouldest take from mée: then should not my sinnes bée so burdenous vnto my soule, nor so grieuous vnto thy sight, whiche I confesse are manifold, but, Lorde, I know thy mercie, and sauyng health are infinite, and thou art prone vnto forgiuenesse.

The ripenesse of my perfection: shalbée the greenesse of thy glorie, the Summer of my sutes: shalbee the spryng of thy prayse, the harueste of my righteousnesse: shalbee the séede of thy commendation, the winter of my wickednesse: shalbée the earyng of thy honour, the frutes of my faith: shalbée the flower of thy worthinesse the toppe of my tranquillitie: shalbée

the rote of thy renowme.

I will walke in thy wayes, O Lorde, and obey thy will, I will kéep thy commaundementes and take care of thy couenantes, I will holde thy heastes as my life and reguarde thy preceptes as mine owne soule, there shall nothyng thrust mée from thy trueth, nor fray mée from thy feare, nor allure mée from thy loue, and then am I as certayn that I shal liue: as I am sure thy prayses shall not die. Amen.

O

¶ O *giue eare vnto good counsell, and bee content to bee reformed, that thou maist bee wise hereafter: for there are manie deuises in a mans hart, neuertheleſſe the counſell of the* Lorde *ſhall ſtande for euer.*

¶ The

¶ The. xvj. Flower.

O Lorde, thou Father and GOD of my life, I beseeche thee, for thy sunne Christes sake, bend downe thine eyes of compassion vpon mee that am thine humble seruant, but at this presente wofully oppressed with careful incumbrances of sinne, so that I want power to lift vp my handes, and with my tongue I am not able to expresse the sorowes that I sustayne.

I am deepely wounded that my life languisheth away, I am broken that I cannot recouer, I am sore that I cannot bee cured, I am sicke that I cannot bee saued, I am so nighe death that I cannot liue, I am so pined: that I am past al helpe, vnlesse that thou, O Lorde, come with speedie releefe, the worker of my wealth and curer of all infirmities.

For, if thou put forthe thy hollie hande: I shalbee holpen, if thou dooe tutche mee: I shalbee saued, if thou doo but say the woorde: my lothsomnesse shalbee releeued. O Lorde, I pray thee hartely come ease mee of my greefes, come cure mee of my care, come saue mee from my sickenesse, come assure me from my sores restore mee to my health, and prolonge the dayes of my life to thy pleasure.

In weakenesse of bodie and infirmitie of minde, in feebleneſſe of flesh and crasinesse of conscience, in aduersitie of the worlde and all miseries of mankinde: I haue made mine ernest complaynt vnto thee, O Lorde, and thou hast graciously heard mee, thou diddest neuer turne from mee in prosperitie, nor disdayne mee in trouble, and I trust thou wilt neuer forsake mee.

Lorde, this worlde is subiect vnto merue-

meruelous mutabilitie, the ſtate of men is variable, for thou enritcheſt the poore, & empouerisheſt the ritch, thou pulleſt downe the loftie, and rayſeſt vp the baſe, yet graunt vnto mée, that I may with all meekenes of minde bée well contented with the callyng wherunto thou haſt alotted mée, and yéelde vnto thée moſte duetifull thankes therefore.

Giue not vnto mée, O God, the great heapes of worldly wealth, nor caſt not vpon mée the gnawyng paines of pininge pouertie, for ritches make a man not know himſelfe, mutcheleſſe God, and pouertie, manie times, is an enemie vnto verteous maners and godlineſſe, but mercifully graunt vnto mée a reſonable competent liuing.

There are many that haue fallen by abundance, and diuerſe by lacke, but, O thou heauenly Father, that art only the ritche God: vouchſaulf,

I bée-

I beſeeche thee, to giue mee alwaies a ſufficient relieuynge bothe for my body and ſoule, and for the charge of houſeholde whiche thou haſt giuen vnto mee, and in althynges to auoid moſt vayne ſuperfluitie.

Sweete Lorde, fire my minde firmely vpon thee and nothyng els, as for worldly things let them ſeeme vile vnto mee in reſpect of thee, let mee take comfort in thee and not in them, ſuffer no mirth to remayne in my minde, nor ioy to harbour in my harte, nor pleaſure to reſt in my thought, nor deſier to abide in my breaſt: that is not in thee, and for thee only.

If it bee thy will, O eternal kyng, that I ſhall liue in thy loue, and continue in thy fauour: take away from mee the meanes of ordinarie offending thee, make mee angrie without ſinning, humble without faynynge, merie without lightneſſe, ſad without

out mistrust, sobre without dulnesse, and trustie without doublenesse.

Strike into my harte a true feare of thee, yet that I do not dispayer, and a feruent loue vnto thee, but yet that I may not presume, giue mee vnderstandynge to amende myne owne vnrighteousnesse with discretion, and admonish my neighbours of their faultes without dissimulation, and that by my wordes and example they may take a paterne of doctrine, and liuinge.

Establish mée in a right trade of wel pleasing thee, that my life may bée conformable vnto thy woorthie will, reueale vnto th'eies of my soule by inspiration of the holly spirite, some sight or taste of thy heauenly ioyes, that I may bée caried with delight to accomplish that whiche is pleasant vnto thée: and profitable for myne owne selfe.

A droppe of thy grace: shalbée the

sea of my saluation, a sparcle of thy loue: shalbée the flame of my fayth, a mote of thy mercie: shalbée the heape of my health, a sande of thy sight: shalbée the banke of my bewtie, a grayne of thy goodnesse: shalbée the weight of my worthinesse, one fauour of thy celestiall face: shalbée the fulnesse of mine eternall felicitie.

O Lorde God, and holly Father, cast downe thine eyes from thy sacred sainctuarie, and from thy heauenly habitation, and bæholde the most acceptable sacrafice whiche our high bishop Jesus Christe, thy dèere sunne our Lorde, offreth vp vnto thy maiestie for our manifolde sinnes, and bée mercifull vnto the multitude of our misdèedes.

Bæholde, the precious blood of our most swèete Sauiour crieth yet vnto thée from the altar of the Crosse, hee hangeth yet there, and still is hée dying vnto thée, who séest althynge in

present

present that bee past, & beefore whose eyes the effectes of all times donne do euer abide as now in doing, consider him, O mercifull God, and for his sake take pitie vpon vs.

I must needes loue thée, O my most déere redéemer Jesus Christe, with all my hart, with all my soule, and with all my power, that diddest vouchsaulf to die for my sinnes, my soule cleaueth fast vnto thee, for thou art hir strength and fortitude, graunt vnto mee, that I may ensue thy woz thy steppes, and bée partaker of thy heauenly kingdome, accordyng as I haue shewen my sighinges vnto thée and put my whole trust in thée, that art the porcion of mine inheritance.

Amen.

N

¶ *Naked as wee came foorth of our moothers wombe: euen ſo goe wee hence agayne, and carie nothyng away with vs of all our labour. Conſider this woonderfull woorke of God, and how that no man can make the thynge ſtreight which hee maketh crooked.*

¶ The. xvij. Flower.

NO creature vnder heauen may bryng mée comfort but thou, O Lorde of eternall glorie, that art the healpe of mans health, and ſurgeon of his ſoule, thou ſtrikeſt and healeſt, thou bringeſt a man nigh vnto death and anon reſtoreth him to life again, to th'intent hée may know his owne weakeneſſe and imbecillitie: & cleaue the more firmely vnto thy ſtrength and vertue.

As for man, hée is nothynge els but a shew of simple séede, and a slip of slender strength, and a bubble of boylyng brothe, and a branche of fadynge flowers, and an handfull of goodly grasse that to day flourisheth in the fielde, and to morow is flunge into the fier, a frame of moste frayle fleash, in whom is no perpetuitie nor endurance.

Lorde, let mée euermore beare this portrature in my minde of mine owne infirmitie, considerynge still what I am, remembryng alwayes what I would bée, then shall I léese likyng of my selfe: and longe after the loue of thee, for I am the image of thy substance, although the lóking backe from thy lawes hath soyled mée sore with sinne.

As I am ful of imperfection of my selfe: so supply thou my wantes in thee, for when I haue indeuoured al I may, my righteousnesse is thine,

and thou crowneſt mæ with endleſſe honour for that which proceædeth only from thee, and is ſo litle agræable vnto my corrupt nature: that it is rather quight, alas, repugnant.

My ſinnes, O Lorde, lie forth in plentie bæfore my face, I can turne no way but they ouertake mæ, I ſwoulde faine intreate thee to pardon them and I dare not draw nære thee for dread of them, conſider my neceſſitie moſt mightie God, and deliuer mæ, and graunt moſt graciouſly vnto thy ſinfull ſeruant: the participation of thy moſt glorious maieſtie.

What though my ſinnes bæ as the ſandes of the ſea, and my wickedneſſe ſurmount the leaues of the woodde, and my tranſgreſſions ſtriue in numbre with the flowers of the ſpringe: yet take thou no reguarde, O Lorde, vnto the frowardneſſe of my hart, but like as thou haſt many times ſhewed mercie: ſo now bee

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pitifull, and forgiue mee.

I haue hungred, my ſouereigne Lorde and God, to feede vpon thee that art the breade of life, not with the iawes of my fleaſh: but with the mouth of my faith, vntil it mai pleaſe thée to fæde mée at full with the entire contemplation of thy ſubſtance, whiche I ſhall ſée face to face, and alſo bée ſæne in thy celeſtiall glorie, when I am diſcharged of this farthel of frailtie, this hope is the harbour of my delight, and the aſſured lokynge for it is the cheifeſt flower of my Garlande.

Moſt gracious gouerner, giue mée to drinke of that water, wherof who ſo drinketh: ſhall thirſt the more, as after the ſweeteneſſe of heauenly thynges, whoſe taſte is vnſpeakable pleaſant, and giue mée alſo to drinke of that water the drinkers whereof ſhall thirſt nomore for euer, for it floweth forth from thée, the fountain

of

of immortalitie.

Truely Lorde, there is no cause, why I should longe to abide in this life, if I were of sutch perfection as was thy Apostle Paule: I should perceaue the wickednesse of this worlde, and the glorie of thy kyngedome, and wishe ernestly as hée did, to bée dissolued from this body, and to bée with Christe, where as hée reigneth in eternitie.

O Lorde, thou knowest my hartie desier is alwaies to serue thee, graũt vnto mée of thy gracious goodnesse, that I may liue in thy law, and run in thy rule, and walke in thy way, and die in thy faith, and that I may bée clérely deliuered of the bondage of sinne, and bee wholy out of dreade of death and dampnation.

Execute these thinges vpon mee, O my moste louynge God, and as it shall seeme best vnto thy pleasure, & most sittyng for my soule: abridge

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the dayes of this Pilgrimage, and commence the terme of my true life, call mee from this Clay, and clothe mee in the weede of euerlastynge wealth, where thou art resident with thy saynctes in eternall glorie.

Lorde, if it so bee, that the destruction day of all fleash bee at hande, as it is hartely hoped: then haue wee great cause to yeelde thee most humble thankes for shortning the time of our trouble, and takyng away the occasions of offendyng, that thine elect may possesse the longer frute of their ioyes, and yelde vp the summes of a shorter accoumpt.

O God, what a ioyfull day shall that same bee, when wee shall beeholde with our eyes those thynges whiche wee haue often recorded in our hartes, and heare with our eares whiche wee haue read with our eies, and feele with our sence that whiche wee haue manifoldly conceaued in

our mindes, but all as it were in a cloude, or veyle, but then to enioye them in perfecte, and perfect kinde:

Mortefie thy man of sinne, I pray thée good Lorde, which reigneth with in my mortall body, that alwayes rebelleth agaynst my spirite, depressinge mée downe euer in ignorance, and enuiyng mée the fruition of thy noble bewtie, let no feare of any corporall death deterre mée from the moste heauenly séelynge of sutche a ghostly contemplation.

If once the fulnesse of this effect were brought vnto wisshed ende: wée should not neede with sutche desier to make sute for our sinnes, for in thy kyngdome, O moste pure god, there dwelleth no wickednesse nor infirmitie, but eche tongue is buste in singyng thy prayse, all laude and honour bee vnto thée, O moste mightie God, for euer and euer, worlde without ende. Amen.

¶ A com-

¶A COMPLAINT TO ALMIGHTIE GOD in bitternesse of soule, of *one Wrapped in adu*ersitie.

THou art my creator, for thou haste made mee, thou arte my god for I dw honour thee, O Lorde God of Hostes, shew vnto mee thy sauynge health in the midst of the aduersities that haue ouertaken mée, for whilst I am oppressed with woes, and crie vnto thee from the deapth of my harte, and woulde fayne aspire with my voyce vnto the toppe of thy mercie: I am waxed faynt with feeblenesse, my throate is become sore, and I am nothyng the nære of helpe.

Hast thou forgotten mée, my lorde: am not I thy wretched seruant, and sunne of thy handmaiden? Sumtime

I ſtode in thy fauour, but nowe I am come in contempt before thee. Thou haſt turned my ſtate, thou haſt ouerthrowne my welfare, thou haſt layd thy heauie rodde of vengeance vpon mee, thou haſt chaunged my wealth into pinchyng pouertie, my eſtimacion into diſworſhip, my bewtie into deformitie, my fauour into filthineſſe, and ſo I abide, rather fallynge to worſe, then faryng to better.

O my God, is it not vnmeete that duſt and aſſhes ſhould reaſon their caſe with thee, that art the worker of all the worlde? But if euer I found grace in thy ſight ſuffer mee to vtter the bitterneſſe of my Soule before thee, and bee not diſpleaſed with mee therefore, for thou art the noble phiſicion of the minde, and I muſt open my griefe vnto thee if I will receaue remedie, and I muſt powre out my complaynt, if I looke for redreſſe, or amendment.

Make

Make mée to vnderstande what is the cause that thou punishest mée so sore: Why is thy heauie hande so grieuously layd vpon mée: Is it for the reward of mine owne wickednesse: or doest thou lay the burthen of some other mans sinnes vpon my backe: I would it might please thee to reueale that poynte of thy secret iudgement vnto mée, it should bee part vnto mée of a bountifull benefit, and a great ease vnto my carefull cõscience, and a refreshyng vnto my mated minde.

As thou hast taught mée, Lorde, by thy worthy worde, if the father eate sower grapes: the childrens teeth shall not bée set on edge, euery man shal beare the price of his owne transgressions, & as thou art a righteous God, charge mée not with the guilt of predicessours, nor of posteritie, for I am wrapped to mutche in the vnrighteousnesse of mine owne

waies

waies, in the tenderneſſe of thy moſt milde mercies withdraw thy ſcourges, for I am alreadie feebled, layde waſt, and vtterly forlorne.

Shew mée, Lorde, are my ſinnes more haynous in thy ſight, then any mans elſe, that thou haſt ſingularly plagued mée aboue the reſt? And haue I not bought déere enough my ſecret offences? Are they all pure that flowe in golde, that walke in ſilkes, that fæde on deinties, that ſléepe on downe, that abounde in poſſeſſions, that kéepe companie with princes, that liue in all worldly wealth, and am I made poore, abiect, contémptible, forſaken, and caſtaway bicauſe I am only ſinfull?

Turne thee, O Lorde, into my comfort, and remembre that I am but fleaſh and blood, ſet not thy might agaynſt the infirmitie of my mould, for I acknowledge that I haue aggrauated the frutes of thy wrath, and

the

the dayly dædes of my neclected duetie ly forth bæfore my face, I cannot excuse my selfe of the greatest sinne, there is no punishment that may bæ made matche vnto my maliciousnesse, it is to light whiche thou hast layde vpon mæ for mine offences.

Weigh my sorowes, O God, I call vnto thæ from the botome of a broken harte, and a sighynge soule, and a tormented minde, cease of the solwernesse of thy pretence, and mollifie thy mode into mercie, conuerte my pouertie into sufficiencie, my contempt into some reguarde, take from mæ thy deserued plague that I cannot prosper, whiche some terme æuell fortune, and erect mæ into a place where the good giftes may bee sæne whiche thou hast bæstowed vpon mæ.

It is, Lorde, a grieuous wounde to my hart, when I bæhold the good happe that some men haue: and how euery

euery thyng goeth awrie with mee that I take in hande, not that I am sorie at their good successe, but it irketh mee that I finde not the like. Thei liue in good case in whom there is not that which resteth in mee, they square in abundance, and I lurke in want, they take their ease and gayne I labour and liue by the losse, they sléepe and ware ritche, I toyle and euer am powre, they stande still and it commeth vnto them, I runne after it and still it flieth from mée, I haue bin fayerly promised, but I sée no performance at al that ensueth, and they that should do mee good: either they cannot, or they will not, either I come to rathe, or to late vnto them or els they feede mée with shales and another enioyeth the frute, either they put mee of with delayes, and, O Lorde, I perish in the meane season.

Note, my sweete God, how vncourteously I haue bin dealt withal, for

for my freindship I haue found hatred, sutch as I haue bin principall to procure them releise: haue bin the chief causers to cast mee out of my liuinge, I haue bin accused without cause for that I neuer ment, I am supposed to bee other then I am, I am hit in the teeth with other mens faultes, and hard borne for things I can not mend, I am heauelie friended of sutch as shoulde fauour mee, they are readie to take from mee that which I haue: which of duetie should giue mee that which I lacke, and, O God, thou knowest mine innocency, and how vndeseruedly they dow it.

I haue bin obedient to my power, but my portion is alotted as I had bin otherwise: I was borne as of thy seruant Sara, but I am reputed as one of the sunnes of Agar, it were almost infinite to shew how I haue bin afflicted, and I am now oppressed with a burden that I cannot sustaine

ſtayne, vnleſſe thou bée my ſingular good God, and I hope herein thou wilt haue a ſpeciall reguarde vnto mée.

Euer hetherto, thou haſt ſtirred vp worthy veſſels, to relieue the woes, and cure the cares of ſutche as were wrapped in aduerſitie, & haſt thou rayſed none to helpe mée, O Lorde? Surely, I do conſtantly bée-leeue that thou wilt not leaue mée vnlooked to, although at this preſent I ſée almoſte no ſigne of ſuccour, and the welſprynges of my blood bée wared drie towardes mée, and thou haſt multiplied the numbre of my kinnesfolkes aboue my freeinds, and ſlender bée the twyne whereon the ſtay of my ſimple liuyng dependeth. Suffre then not to want I beſeeche thée that haue freeindly looked vpon my penurie, ſtande thou good Fa-ther vnto them that haue dealt with mée as their naturall childe, let not

their

their barnes bée ỹ emptier, noꝛ their bagges the lighter, noꝛ their houſes the deſolater, noꝛ theyꝛ hartes the heauier, noꝛ their heyꝛes the powꝛer, and when it ſhall pleaſe thée: then haue mée alſo in remembꝛance, as I ſtande not in doubt of thy gracious gꝏdneſſe. Loꝛde, let my hope take effect, as the lꝏkyng foꝛ that day hetherto: hath bin cheif cauſe of the lengthnynge of this my lingrynge lothed life.

FINIS.

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